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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 9, 1950
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Vol. CCIII, No. 2652
DECEMBER 9, 1950

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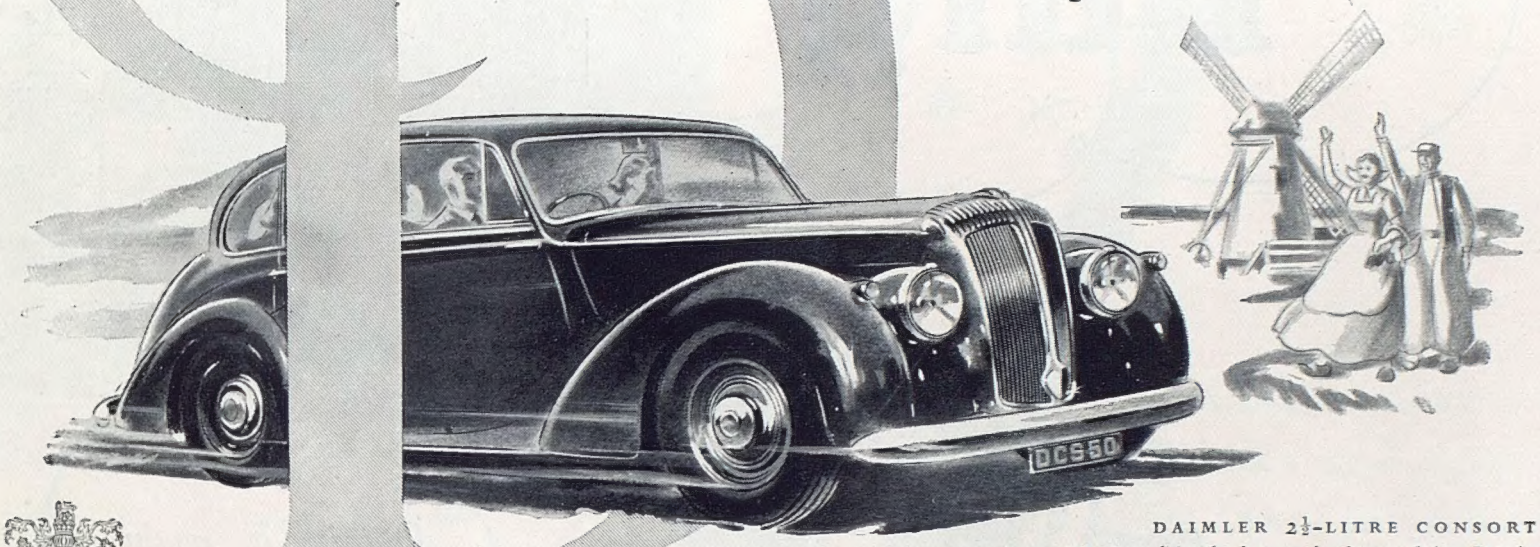

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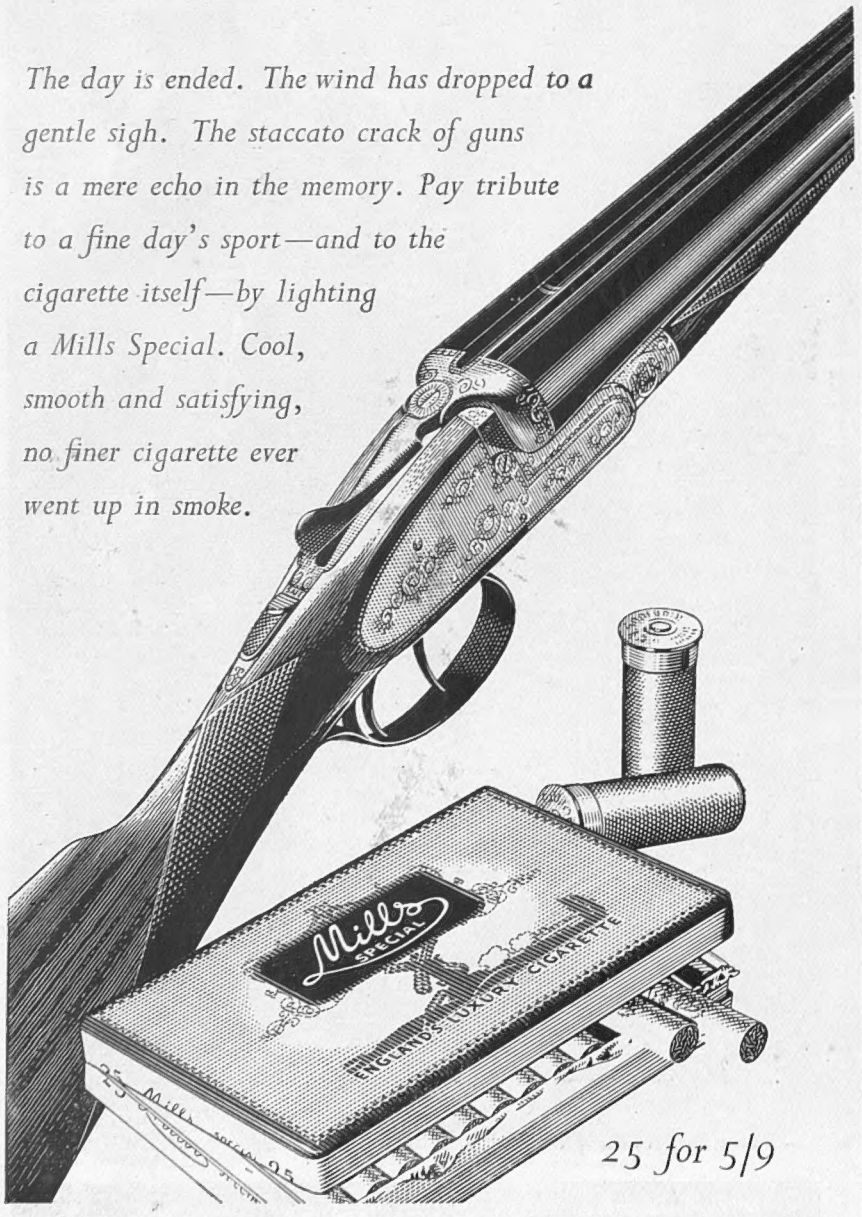

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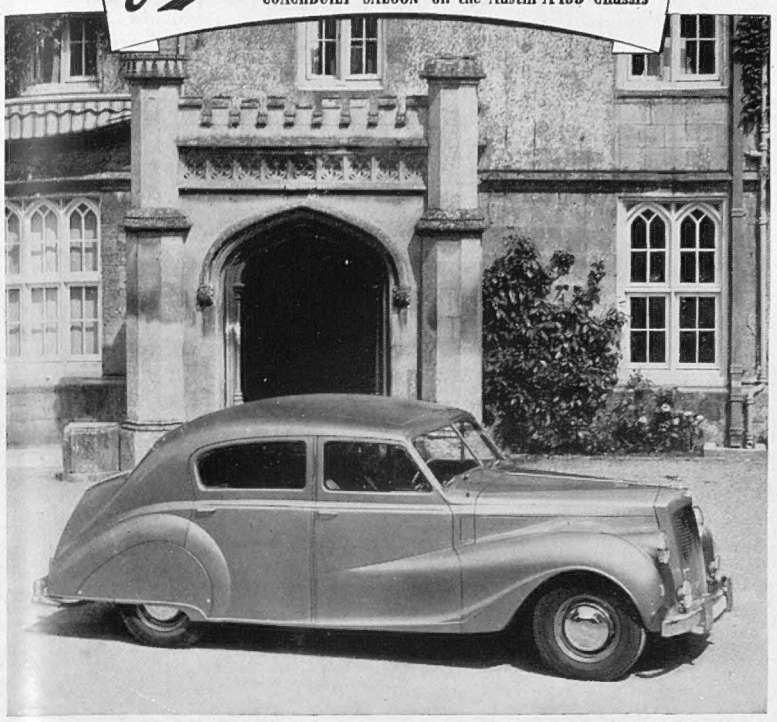

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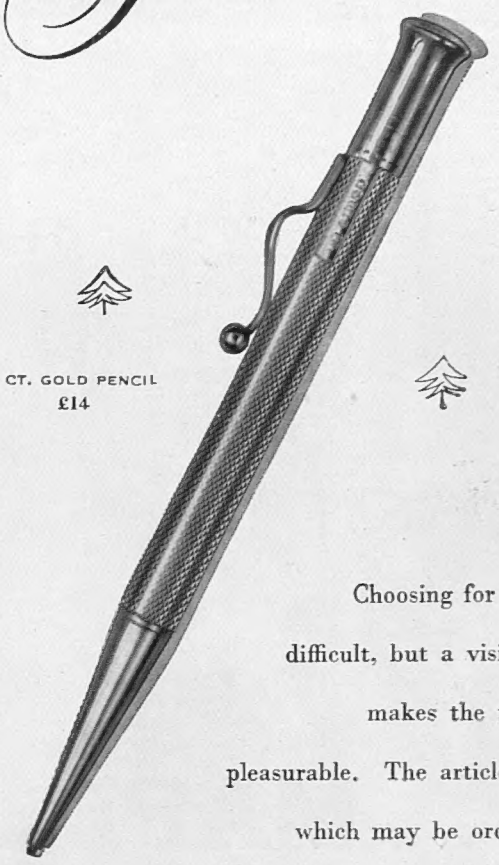

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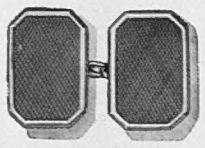

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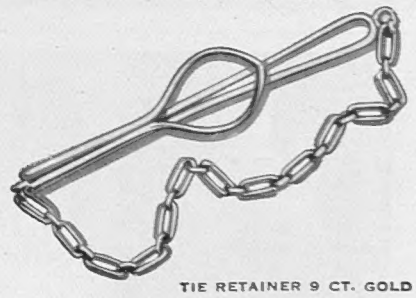

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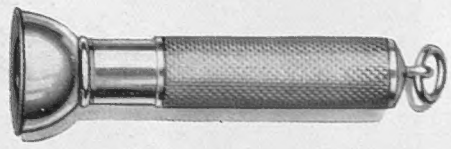

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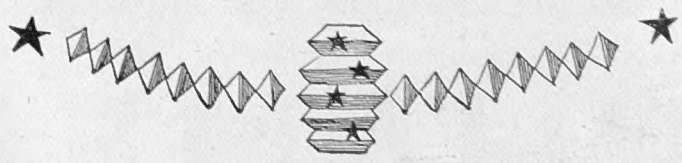

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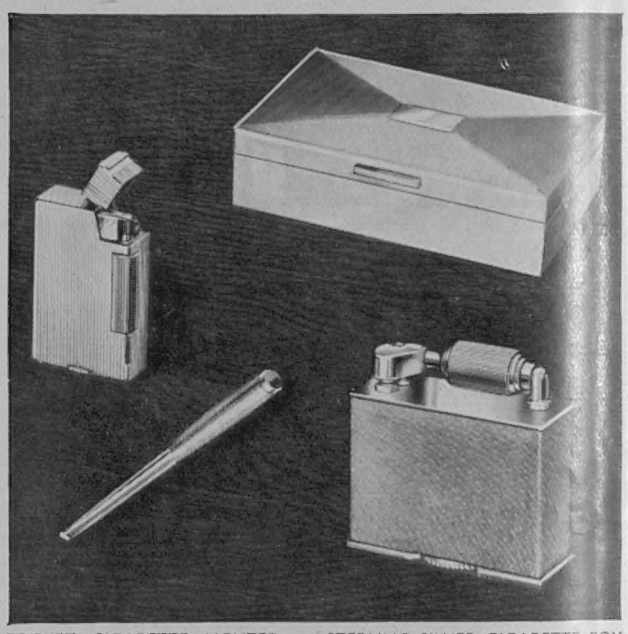

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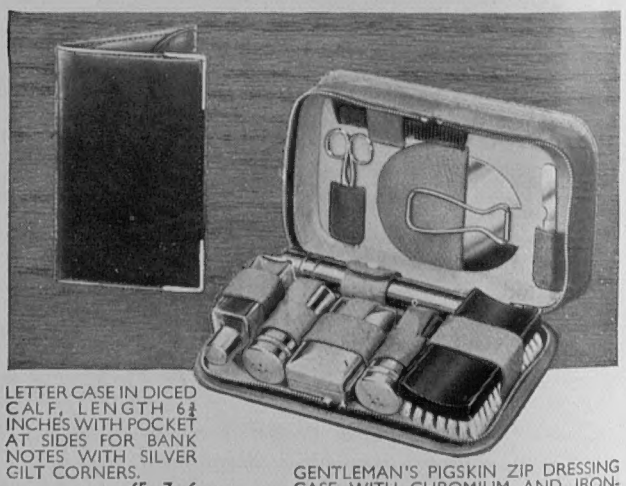

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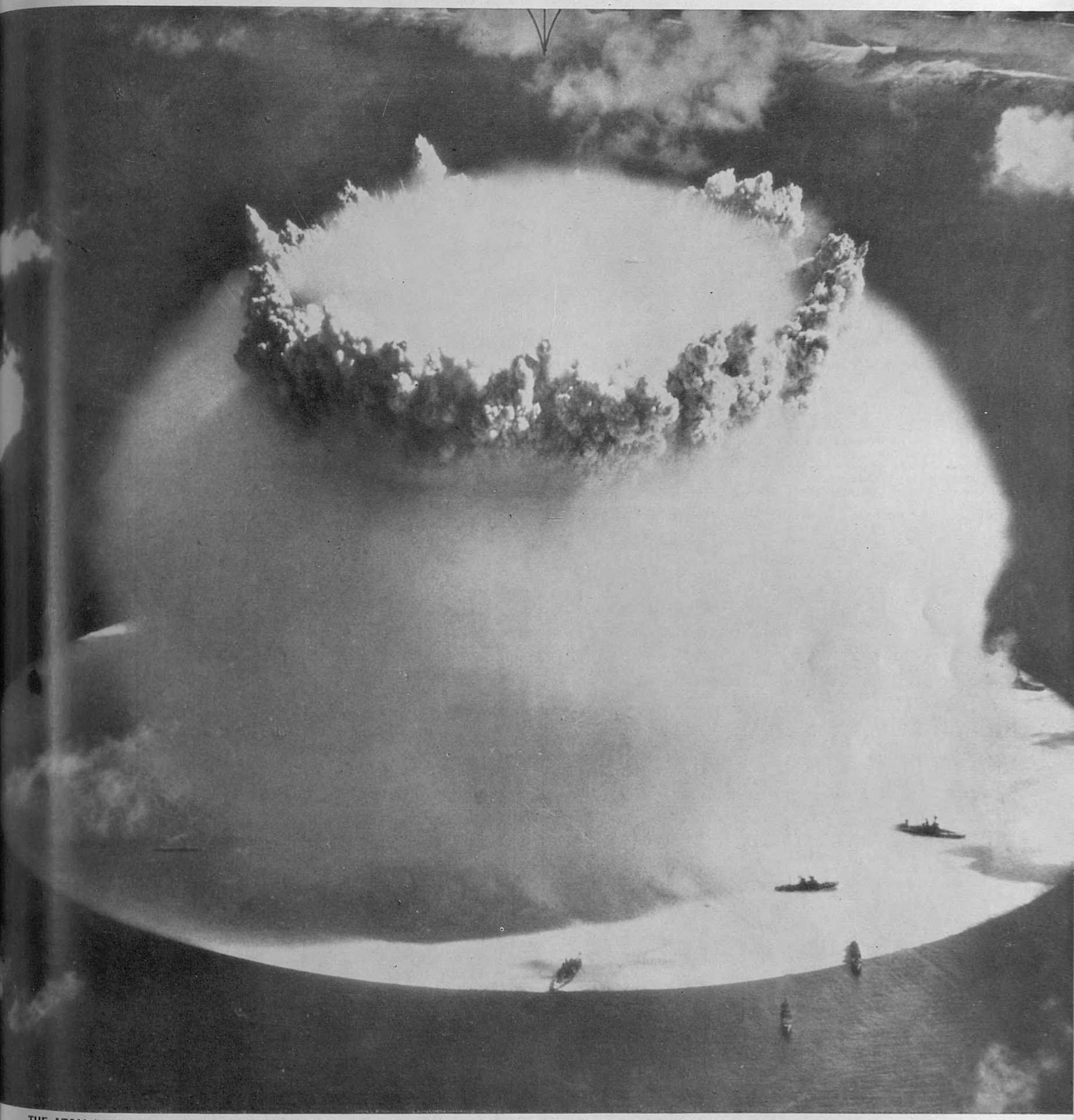
Volume CCIII No. 2652

The SPHERE, London, December 9, 1950

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



THE ATOM BOMB IN THE FOREFRONT OF WORLD NEWS—THE GREAT CLOUD MUSHROOMING SKYWARDS DURING THE BIKINI TESTS AND ENVELOPING THE WAR-SHIPS ARRAYED BELOW : This celebrated picture of the ball of smoke and fire created during the 1946 experiments in the Pacific was brought vividly to mind last week when President Truman set the world buzzing with speculation and anxiety as a result of the interpretation of his words at a Press Conference. Later it became clear that any decision to use the atom bomb would not be, and indeed could not be, left in the hands of General MacArthur.

Following an erroneous, but widely believed, report from Washington that General MacArthur had in his hands the decision whether or not to use the atom bomb in the Korean war, a communiqué had to be issued from the White House correcting misinterpretations which had caused world-wide anxiety and speculation. In his communiqué President Truman emphasised that the atom bomb would not be used without the President's authority and without consulting the United Nations. Meanwhile, in the interval between the original news report and the White House communiqué, the report of the President's statement caused great perturbation in Parliament, where a debate on the international situation was in progress. The Prime Minister called a Cabinet Meeting in the House of Commons, at which the Washington news was discussed, and later it became known that Mr. Attlee was flying to Washington in order to have an exchange of views on the urgent situation arising from the Chinese intervention in Korea. Mr. Attlee's departure and the diplomatic exchanges which preceded it are dealt with on pages 360-361 of this issue.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

At Last.—The best news of a black week at the end of a black November was of Mr. Attlee's decision to go to America and discuss the crisis with the President. It is five years since they met. In the late war allied war leaders met quite frequently and decisions were taken which brought success when success seemed hopeless. The present (so-called cold) war has gone on, ever worsening, since the Socialists came to power and never has a meeting at highest level been contemplated between the two chief key-men of the U.N. Events in Korea and public opinion expressed in Parliament have at last forced the Premier to follow Mr. Churchill's admirable precept and practice. And when they meet, God send that they meet in private. The last few weeks have brought sharply home to many of us the hideous handicap under which democracies must counter the moves of aggressive dictatorships. Deep silence and complete surprise attend the plans and action of the dictators. The glare of publicity must centre on every plan and project of the U.N.; everybody must know, everybody must discuss, weeks in advance, the fears, expectations and counter-measures of the hard-pressed democracies. Democracy demands it. We are fighting for freedom of speech and are in a fair way to be beaten out of the field *by it*. Those Press conferences which are the modern, Western statesman's first duty and death-knell have lately been shown up in their ugliest colours. They are the field day and Waterloo of the blabbers, the Ministers who can't hold their tongues. Yet this cold war has gone on longer than the earlier hot wars and is every bit as dangerous; and never once have the precautions which make for doubt and surprise for the enemy been thought of. The democracies blare out their belief that Stalin does not mean hot world war for at least three years, and cry out for a supreme effort to create some sort of thin line of defence in that precious breathing-space. We scream to the world our defencelessness and our doubts and our difficulties. . . And deep silence reigns at the Kremlin, a silence very favourable to the intake of *ideas*, a silence which makes a real surprise possible in the movements of Red troops.

Weapons Thrown Away.—This blabbing for the glory of democracy, at the demand of the voters and the Press, is democracy gone mad. It looks as if Heaven had determined on the destruction of democracy and had taken the first step by striking it mad. Would the average Englishman in this hour of crisis really complain of a secret session of Parliament, or of a rationing of Press conferences? Would he suspect and complain of the issue of a carefully-guarded report of a private conference between chief statesmen or of secret sessions of Parliaments or conferences? It is fantastic to suppose so; it is childish so to dread "democracy," which is much more, even now, interested in reports of football, cricket and baseball matches and prays vaguely for peace and some sort of political wisdom in its chosen leaders. Anything they demand of us they can have, *pro tem.*, if only they will get on with the job. And since it is bloody war, they can have bloody-war methods—that is, freedom to be silent—for the asking. Are we never to attempt meeting surprises and conjecture and camouflage with the same tremendous weapons which are more powerful than atom bombs?

Outlook Dark.—The winter is still to come. America has given us a foretaste of what winter can do in a country of superlatives. In our own moderate way, we sometimes suffer a good deal of discomfort from a hard winter. Indeed, this year on the eve of Christmas the outlook is pretty grim alike for those who heat by electricity and by coal, for neither class of user can rely on adequate supplies at any price, and if one can be warm only in bed, three months of winter can be grim and unproductive enough for every type of "black-coated" worker at least. There is cold comfort in the pre-Christmas news. The new Chancellor is laying the seeds of expectation of a super-austerity Budget after a series of crippling Budgets which have brought even Socialist Chancellors to believe that the camel's back can directly bear no more. The cost of defence is going to be more than even the pessimist supposed, and (it is true enough) the nation has not yet awakened to the implications or flexed its shoulders to bear the strain. And the Korean war drags on with hideous ripostes to the optimistic forecasts of MacArthur's spokesmen. "Home by Christmas" looked an unusually foolish promise a few hours after it was made to G.I.s. It is the time of year when all forms in Nature are inclined to gloomy and sombre views. The heart rebounds with the crocuses and the return of light, but unfortunately March is a long way off, and it is early—too early—in the winter to cry: "Who will show us any good?" Yet that *cri de cœur* escapes the average thinking man who sees a little distance beyond his nose. If the Christmas holidays prove a happy *mi-carème*, they are like to be a very thin slice of ham between two chunks of bitter bread.

Behind Us and in Front.—No one can wish to add to the gloom of the world scene by crying havoc or prophesying the unleashing of the dogs of war. But the appearance of 250,000 perfectly trained and armed Chinese Communists in North Korea has given so sudden and so terrible a rebuff to MacArthur's confidence, to the U.N.'s premature pride and to the common man's easy expectation of our muddling-through without a third world war that it becomes a citizen's duty to wake out of sleep and, at any rate, to realise and estimate the possible implications of this dangerous pass. In any case they are bad. It does not follow that these Chinese armies intend to try to drive the U.N. forces out of Korea. What *is* clear is that the Korean incident is nowhere near its end *as a victory for the U.N.* That at the best. At the worst, the U.N. forces may soon be driven back to the Parallel, if no further, and be then further embarrassed by new diversions elsewhere in the East—or West. We face in Korea one of three things: Either the stepping-up of an infinitely costly war for an indefinite time, or a staggering rebuff to the prestige of the U.N., or a very much nearer approach to a hot world war.* In the face of these unknown possibilities, our backyard aspirations (higher wages, more houses, Sunday fun fairs and a halt to direct taxation) do indeed stand out in their true colours as a row of children's bricks set out to resist a tidal wave. Even our noble, statesmanlike and grandiose schemes for the development of the resources of backward nations suddenly appear as a gesture—fine, indeed, but a century too soon . . . or too late. It remains to pray to God to inspire with a right judgment the leaders in the East and the West alike during this fearful crisis. The common people of civilisation need no such divine inspiration on the question of world war or peace. They made their minds up long ago, but still seek the means to enforce their solid opinion.

More, More for the Law.—Everyone agrees that High Court Judges are pretty badly off if compared with their predecessors on the Bench fifty years ago, or much less. County Court judges receive £2,000 a year, which certainly works out at less than their predecessors received a century ago. Many clerks of county councils and Civil Servants to-day receive £3,000 a year or more. What is the administration of justice *worth* to-day? Fifty years ago High Court Judges were not only put beyond financial worry; they were assured of the dignities of high incomes. In those days, the lay magistracy discharged unpaid comparatively light and not disagreeable duties fortnightly. To-day their sittings are on an average doubled, and their hours and responsibility trebled. They are laymen still, and honorary, and rely for their law on their clerk, usually a member of a local firm of solicitors. For acting as justices' clerk, he receives an allowance which many an artisan exceeds, and which sometimes does not cover *two-thirds of the cash costs of his judicial office*—without considering the loss of hours to himself, his clerk and a typist from his own business! If the State once starts to open the door to reasonable adjustments in judicial and legal rates of pay for the job, it will not emerge with much change in its pocket. The anomalies are glaring and outrageous in a profession which hitherto has not adopted the weapon of collective bargaining by strikes.

* Mr. Bevin disclaimed any knowledge of likely developments.

A VISITOR TO WESTMINSTER—THE MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: The Rev. Hugh Watt, D.D., right, with the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Jowitt, during his recent visit to the Houses of Parliament, where he was welcomed by the Secretary of State for Scotland and other distinguished parliamentarians. He wore his moderational dress with knee breeches and lace ruffles. The Moderator is Principal of New College, Edinburgh, and Dean of the Faculty of Divinity. He is also Professor of Church History in both New College and the University of Edinburgh. He was educated at the Universities of Glasgow, Magdeberg, Berlin and Halle. The Moderator celebrates his seventy-first birthday on Tuesday next.

Unpleasantness at Godalming.—There is no by-law I respect more than that which seeks to curb the fouling of pavements by dogs. But there is none so hard to obey or to enforce. The other day I had business which took me through Godalming. I parked my car and ventured out to buy some tobacco. I had in my car our fat and heavy spaniel. I took pity on him and put him on a lead and took him with me. I regretted the kindly action. It was a busy pre-Christmas shopping hour. The narrow High Street was congested with moving and stationary traffic, and it was almost impossible to cross it. The dog, investigating interesting smells, for ever dragged on his leash. Perhaps I was slow in the uptake when suddenly he refused to be dragged. He had been long in the car, and, before I realised it, he had broken the by-law. At that moment a young constable, better employed on traffic control, made for me and treated me as roughly as I have ever been treated in my life since private school days. He told me I could and should have dragged the dog into the gutter, apparently to its death and mine, under the wheels of a solid line of buses. He took my name and address and, refusing to believe they were genuine, demanded my identity card. And now I await the summons and, as an amateur lawyer, I have pondered on the nature of the charge. How will it be framed? Surely no Bench can convict a quite respectable old gent of "*maliciously* inciting or conspiring with another to commit a nuisance"? Or "of loitering with intent to do ditto"? Or even of "being a person in charge of a dog, did not keep the animal under proper control"? These are things one can't control in others. But then I remembered from my Bar exams. days a sinister phrase: "*Qui facit per alium, facit per se.*" I fear that young policeman (perhaps fresh—very fresh—from the Police College) will get me somehow. But I deplore his Gestapo manners. *Nous verrons.*

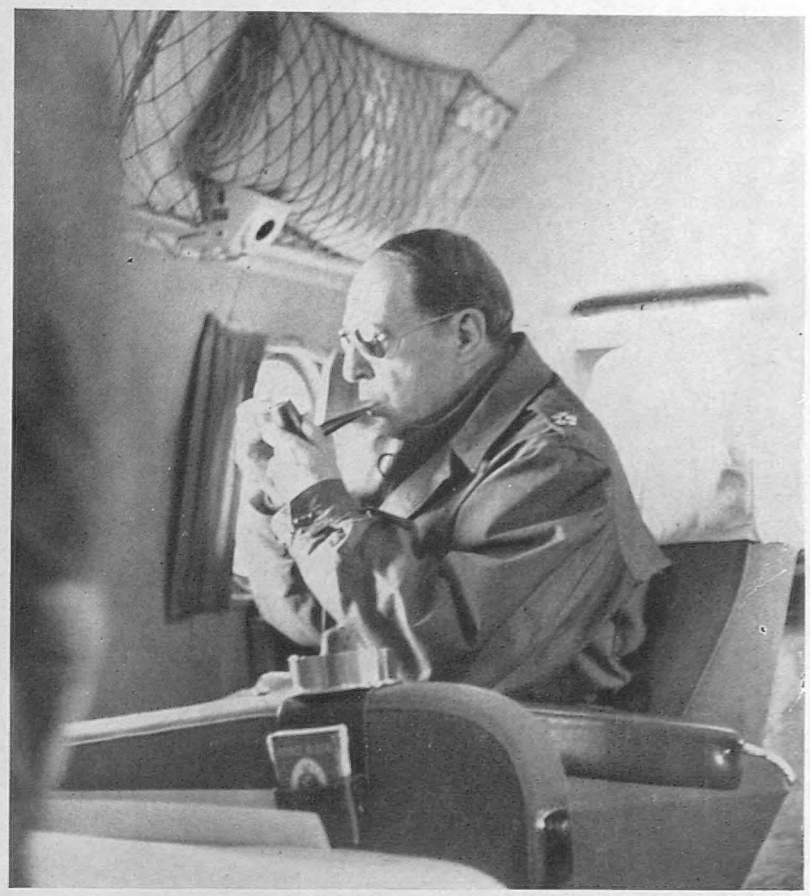
False Names and Addresses.—The above "incident" made so deep an impression on me that I pursued my investigations into police procedure a step further, and sought an explanation of the young constable's demand to see my identity card. It appears that a number of persons questioned by the police on the roads, where summonses for minor traffic offences may result, have pat, and give to the constable, false names and addresses. If the constable suspects, he may decide to ask for his victim's identity card. If the victim produces it, there is strong evidence that his name and address as given is genuine. But there appears to be no law which compels a man to produce it *on demand* to the police. If he does not produce it then and there, the P.C. can only issue him with a form to produce it within forty-eight hours or so, at a police station, as in the case of a driving licence. And what is the good of that in the case of a miscreant who has already given a false name? He will obviously tear-up the order and go his way. If he is merely passing through that district, the odds against the constable "recognising" him again are small indeed, assuming, of course, that no identification by car number was available. In short, an order to produce an identity card at a future time must usually be sheer futility with the dishonest and is a very vexatious method of proving the bona fides of honest men.

THE OLD STAGER

MACARTHUR LAUNCHES HIS "HOME BY CHRISTMAS" OFFENSIVE

THE ATTACK WHICH 500,000 CHINESE COUNTERED FROM OVER THE MANCHURIAN BORDER

HE SOUGHT TO END THE WAR AT A SINGLE BLOW: General Douglas MacArthur, the United Nations Commander-in-Chief, watching from his plane as he flew over the Yalu River, boundary of North Korea and Manchuria, after initiating his "home by Christmas" offensive which was finally thwarted as Chinese infantry poured in tens of thousands into the Korean battle zone.



HE LIGHTS HIS PIPE AND CONSIDERS THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE: MacArthur flying over the battle-line in North Korea after launching his offensive. The General found to his cost that the Chinese troops, which had hitherto acted strangely, showing little or no fight, were really waiting for the opportunity to deliver a well-planned and truly damaging counter-stroke.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF DRIVES OFF TO THE FRONT LINE: General MacArthur in a jeep as he left the headquarters of Ninth Corps in company with Lieut.-General Walton H. Walker (left), commander of the Eighth Army, and Major-General Frank Milburn (right background), commander of First Corps. As his offensive got under way General MacArthur issued the following communiqué: "If successful, this should for all practical purposes end the war, restore peace and unity to Korea, enable the prompt withdrawal of United Nations military forces and permit the complete assumption by the Korean people and nation of full sovereignty and international equality. It is that for which we now fight."

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BACK IN TOKYO AFTER LAUNCHING HIS ALL-OUT OFFENSIVE: General MacArthur driving from Haneda Airport to his Tokyo headquarters in company with his guest, Secretary of the Navy, Francis P. Matthews, who arrived in Japan to inspect naval installations and to confer with top-ranking officers. Shortly after his return to Tokyo MacArthur had grave reports from the front, and it was then that he announced that Chinese intervention in North Korea was creating an entirely new war.

CRISIS MEETINGS PRECEDE THE PREMIER'S AMERICAN JOURNEY

M. PLEVEN AND M. SCHUMAN IN DOWNING STREET FOR WEEK-END TALKS—MR. ATTLEE'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON AIRPORT

THE MEN WHO CAME FROM FRANCE BEFORE MR. ATTLEE'S DEPARTURE FOR THE UNITED STATES : M. Pleven (left), the French Prime Minister, and M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, seen with Ambassador Massigli at Northolt Airport last week-end before driving directly to Downing Street for talks with Mr. Attlee. The subsequent conversations established a general identity of view on the objectives of the two Governments, and thus, to an unexpected degree, the British Prime Minister was able to go to Washington as the spokesman of Western Europe.

THE FOREIGN MINISTER WHO STAYED BEHIND : Mr. Ernest Bevin arriving at [illegible], Downing Street for a Cabinet Meeting during the week-end of crisis. Mr. Bevin took part in the discussions with the visiting French Ministers, and he was closeted with Mr. Attlee almost up to the moment of the Prime Minister's departure for America.

THE SERVICE CHIEFS ARRIVE IN DOWNING STREET FOR AN EMERGENCY MEETING TOGETHER WITH THE MINISTER WHO "BELABOURED" GENERAL MACARTHUR : *Left*—Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. *Left centre*—Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, Chief of the Air Staff. *Right centre*—Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, the First Sea Lord. *Right*—Mr. Shinwell, the Defence Minister. Speaking at Wingate, County Durham, last week-end, Mr. Shinwell emphasised the seriousness of the position in Korea. "At the moment," he said, "it would appear that General MacArthur went beyond the objectives which we understood to be the objectives at the beginning of the affair, and that as a result we went up too near the Manchurian border where there was a very large force of Chinese. We knew there were about 70,000 of them there ready to fight. MacArthur may have thought he was quite capable of dealing with them. Well, there may be far too many of them. The position looks very grim indeed."

MR. ATTLEE'S MISSION TO WASHINGTON—THE PRIME MINISTER SEEN JUST BEFORE HE LEFT LONDON AIRPORT LAST SUNDAY NIGHT IN THE STRATOCRUISER "CATHAY" ON HIS FLIGHT TO THE UNITED STATES TO CONFER WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN : Before boarding the aircraft Mr. Attlee declared : "I am much looking forward to my meeting with Mr. Truman. I am not going to talk about any particular facet of the many problems which the world is facing, but I want to survey the whole scene as it now is and may be in the future. Mrs. Attlee accompanied the Prime Minister to Northolt Airport, as also did Mr. Bevin and Viscount Addison.

MR. ACHESON TALKS TO THE AMERICAN NATION ON THE INTERNATIONAL CRISIS: The Secretary of State seen during his broadcast. He declared that the Chinese Communist aggression in Korea had created a situation of unparalleled danger. "This brazen act by Communist China," said Mr. Acheson, "holds grave danger for the peace of the world."

GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY GOES BEFORE THE HOUSE FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE: The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is seen seated between Assistant Secretary of State Perkins (left) and Representative James Richards (right), acting Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, as he urged Congress to exploit the rift between Moscow and Belgrade. General Bradley suggested that food shipments be sent to Tito.

AFTER A CONFERENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE: General George C. Marshall, the United States Secretary of Defence, and Mr. Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, in reflective mood after conferring with President Truman on the latest developments in the international situation.

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN LEADING THE CHINESE DELEGATION AT LAKE SUCCESS: General Wu Tsiu-Chuan, who in the words of Mr. Warren Austin has "contrived to challenge two-thirds of the world, defy the United Nations and dismay the best friends of China."

THE MAN WHO DELIVERED THE INDICTMENT AGAINST THE CHINESE: Mr. Warren Austin, United States representative at the United Nations.

JACOB MALIK RAISES HIS HAND TO INDICATE A VETO OF THE SIX-POWER DEMAND IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL FOR THE WITHDRAWAL OF CHINESE TROOPS FROM THE KOREAN BATTLE: Mr. Malik (left) is seen making the inevitable gesture which blocked deliberations. In the centre is Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the United Kingdom representative, and on the right is Mr. Warren Austin, the United States representative who led the verbal attack on General Wu and the Chinese delegation at Lake Success. It was after Mr. Austin had accused China of "open and notorious aggression in Korea," asking whether she wanted peace or war in the Far East, that General Wu replied in the same manner. He demanded that the Security Council condemn and take concrete steps to apply severe sanctions against the United States "for its criminal acts of armed aggression in China and intervention in Korea."

SEOUL, THE STRICKEN CAPITAL CITY

Aerial Views Show the Terrible Devastation Wrought by Bombing

Ancient Seoul, capital of the Republic of South Korea, has witnessed more death and destruction in the course of the last year than in many centuries.

Overrun by the North Koreans within days of the invasion across the 38th Parallel, the capital city (which stands on 37° 34″) was held and administered for several months by the Communists, and when the forces under MacArthur retook Seoul the "purges" initiated by the Northerners were continued with unabated vigour and cruelty, but in the opposite direction, by the South Koreans. Sorely tried and badly battered, Seoul is now slowly picking up the threads of life; rebuilding has begun, but the damage is such that restoration will occupy years.

This series of aerial photographs conveys a clear idea of the extent of Seoul's destruction. It was once a city with a population of 700,000 and many industrial plants of importance. Now it is a place of private tragedy, with hardly a family unaffected by the war, hardly a home undamaged. From a military viewpoint Seoul is still vital, as it is the Clapham Junction for all transportation to the north. In recent weeks there have been repeated rumours that it was about to be attacked by North Korean guerillas, who have been marauding south of the 38th Parallel in considerable numbers.

POCK-MARKED WITH 2,000-LB. BOMB CRATERS: This aerial view shows a section of the rail yards at Seoul, the constant target of Superfortress attacks

THE BUSINESS DISTRICT AND THE MARKET AREA OF SEOUL BOTH BEAR THE SCARS OF WAR: *Left*—Gutted office buildings at an important traffic intersection. In the centre foreground is the Bank of Korea, with its outer walls intact but the interior completely destroyed by fire. *Right*—A great crowd buying produce from improvised stalls set up in what was once the main market in Seoul. The devastation here was probably caused by "near misses," bombs aimed at the vast system of railway shunting yards through which, in the days of their occupation, the Communists passed vast quantities of equipment.

BRICK AND CONCRETE BUILDINGS FLANKING ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF SEOUL WERE ALMOST ALL GUTTED, BUT THE WALLS REMAINED. BUILDINGS BEHIND THEM, OF FLIMSY CONSTRUCTION, WERE COMPLETELY RAZED, PROBABLY AS A RESULT OF A DEVASTATING FIRE CAUSED BY INCENDIARY BOMBS: It will take Seoul many years to recover from the pounding of the Superfortresses, not to mention the terrible disruption caused by the North Koreans during their brief period as the occupying force. Seoul was founded in 1394, and was once surrounded by a wall 11 miles in circumference. Some of the city gates still stand, but Seoul has far outgrown its ancient perimeter.

A RESIDENTIAL AREA NEAR THE RAILWAY YARDS AT SEOUL: Here several acres have been razed to the ground as a result of the area being blanketed by American Superfortress bombers. The district on the far side of the railway fared rather better.

PROBABLY THE GREATEST SINGLE LOSS SUSTAINED BY THE KOREAN ECONOMY DURING THE WAR: This huge textile factory, now in ruins, lies on the outskirts of Seoul just across the Han River. It was built by the Japanese and turned out some of the best cotton goods in South Korea. It was hit by a napalm gasoline bomb, and all but a few sheds were gutted. None of the valuable machinery is intact.

THE MUSSOLINI CULT IN POST-WAR ITALY

A Revival That Grows Apace and With Strong Political Backing

By FERDINAND TUOHY

LESS than six years after his death Benito Mussolini has become the centre of an emotional cult in the land over which he ruled for twenty-three years. In a way he foretold that this would happen, though that was before he or anyone else had the remotest thought that so degrading an end awaited the dictator.

"The twenty years of Napoleon are inseparable from the French national consciousness," wrote Mussolini in the mid-'thirties, and added the prediction: "Perhaps something of the sort will happen to Italy." He was right. He is having his Napoleonic revival—and long before Bonaparte had his. One may attribute the speed of the comeback to the highly-powered Press propaganda and publicity compared with a century and more ago, but that is not the only reason.

The revival is really at this stage more sentimental than political. Yet it is inevitably telescoping into the neo-Fascist M.S.I. (Italian Socialist Movement) and could easily develop into a serious nuisance if not menace to the regime. There is even talk of bringing back the Duce's eldest son from Rosario, in the Argentine.

For several years after the war the Italians took care not to publish one picture of Mussolini. It would have vexed the Allies; also the country was in no mood to hark back to the regime which brought them to such misery. Now that is all changed. The Duce's picture is everywhere. In a bookshop by the Spanish Steps in Rome nearly a score of books on Mussolini and his times fill one window. They look back sentimentally on an era and its legendary figure. Some are critical, but most of the authors concentrate on the great things that happened during the Mussolinian reign.

But it is when one comes up with a newspaper kiosk on the station that the full blast of the cult hits you. There is Mussolini's big face and glaring eyes following you from dozens of coloured magazine covers. In fact, magazines have difficulty in selling unless they take in some aspect of Mussolini, preferably in serial form—his generals and aides, his family, his private and public life, and, above all, his death and the subsequent mystery about his body.

There is no doubt that the Government made a mistake about the body whose whereabouts has become a leading topic of conversation, thereby intensifying the Mussolini cult. He was killed by peasants on the shores of Lake Como, along with his mistress, Clara Petacci, and later the two bodies were publicly hung head downwards in a Milan square. The Duce's remains were interred in a pauper's grave in the Milan municipal cemetery, where they rested until the spring of 1946, when a group of Fascist sympathisers entered the cemetery by night and stole the body of their former leader.

Some months later the remains were found in a trunk in a Franciscan monastery at Pavia. The Government then had the remains secretly re-interred—but where is a closely-guarded secret. Many people believed the body had been sunk at sea, which might have been the best thing, but according to Italian law the agreement of the family would have had to be obtained, and it would never have been forthcoming.

So insistent were the rumours of a watery grave that the Government eventually had to issue a statement saying that the whereabouts of the secret grave would be revealed to the family in 1956—ten years after its final interment. Meanwhile the site of the grave has become the object of everlasting curiosity. Even speculation on what happened to the dictator's 5,000,000-dollar personal treasure, which vanished after partisans seized it from the ill-fated Mussolini escape convoy, takes second place to the macabre search for the body.

There was great excitement when a priest said the body was in Verano, Rome's huge and ornate cemetery. The newspapers promptly printed "instructions on how to find the Duce's grave" in the manner of an elaborate treasure-hunt, as for instance: "Find the grave of a mother who died in childbirth, then take fifteen paces west," and so on. But it all came to nothing, and the next one heard was that Edda Ciano, Mussolini's daughter, had gone north to Merano on a clue. What that spirited lady was looking for, however, was more likely papers and documents belonging to her father.

Edda and her mother, Rachele Mussolini, demanded that the Government permit the family to return the body to the family tomb at Predappio, a town of 9,000 inhabitants near Bologna, but all they got by way of answer was an announcement that the Duce will rest "in a sacred place" for another six years.

The most likely site of the secret grave is a church or religious building in the north of Italy. Article after article appears on the subject and they go to swell the Mussolinians crowding the book-stores and kiosks. The Italians glance back dispassionately on a surging interlude. They allow themselves to remember the many physical achievements which are to the Duce's credit—the draining of the Pontine Marshes, the tremendous slum-clearance schemes, the widening and beautifying of all those roads which lead to Rome, the seaside holiday homes for children, reafforestation, the preserving of ancient monuments, the clearance of the Forum quarter.

One indication of how the Mussolini cult and the M.S.I. neo-Fascists are bound to overlap was given at a recent students' meeting, when Anna Maria Mussolini, the Duce's twenty-one-year-old daughter, appeared in the hall. There was at once a scene of tremendous excitement, the girl being carried round the building to the strains of "Giovinezza." In fact, so warm did things get that Anna Maria had to be bundled out by the police. She returned some time back from the island of Ischia, near Naples, along with her mother, Donna Rachele, and the latter's youngest son Romano.

The return of the Mussolinis would be complete if the eldest son comes back from South America. The family is playing no small part in the Mussolini cult, as things are. They are entirely back in circulation, going everywhere unhindered and more likely honoured. The mother has been trying to get some money out of the Government but that has so far failed. The family has to earn its living, and in this Countess Edda Ciano leads the way.

Edda has become woman editor of a polychrome weekly called *Insieme* (Together), and she started off with a swing, writing about her origin. In the first issue she disclosed that she was born "many years" before her father and mother were married. "I was born of a long diet of salad and love," she relates in an intimate sketch of her father. "My parents were poor and much in love. My father was a socialist agitator and my mother a little peasant girl. They loved each other very much and one day they left together . . . the fact that they had not married before a mayor or a priest did not bother them, anyhow.

"Only much later they 'regularized' their position." The article said that Mussolini was married on December 16, 1915 (when he was in the Army). Countess Ciano's birth was not given, but she is believed to be about forty-two. Speaking of her childhood, Edda said her father "taught me several things . . . to love the truth, a wholly harmful fable . . . always to take full responsibility for my actions and to bear the consequences without looking for excuses.

"He taught me to despise the masses and to judge men and events apart from my passions and personal advantage. And I learnt at last a thing for which I shall be for ever grateful to him, the difficult art of silence and the inexorable solitude of man, which is born and dies with him."

Edda is still something of the playgirl. She divides her time between a Capri villa and Rome. At Capri she is scornfully referred to by the islanders as "the Mussolini woman," but she brazens it out. She has friends among the exotic crowd that frequents Capri, including one big friend, Pietro Chantecler. M.S.I. posters are placarded outside the villa. Edda has proudly resumed her father's name. And to be in the thick of the Mussolini cult she has had all her lingerie and blouses monogrammed E C M—Edda Ciano Mussolini.

Edda, who bears a strong facial resemblance to the Duce while managing to remain attractive, turned up in Paris some months ago and put in at a well-known hotel off the Champs-Elysées. Among the company was her firm friend, Signor Capuano, a wealthy jeweller with shops in Rome and Naples, a bald, plump little man. On entry Edda imperiously told the manager: "See that I am not disturbed by vulgar nobodies." The management proceeded to screen all who called. Edda proceeded to have a gay time but had one setback before leaving. Seeing a copy of her mother's book in the hall, "My Life with Benito Mussolini," she enquired how it was selling. "Very badly," came the answer, and off flounced Edda.

Edda is undoubtedly the brains of the family and should be heard from if the neo-Fascists continue to expand as they have been doing of late. She has much character and is entirely independent in her life (her three children are at school in Florence).

The Mussolini family is a godsend to any party evoking the past, and the M.S.I.-ists are increasingly using the Duce's name. They sing the old Fascist hymns, carry portraits of the Duce, and distribute handbills of Mussolinian "literature." Not being allowed to give the old Fascist salute, they shoot up their arms twice in rapid succession, which has a weird effect, as if they had a nervous ailment. They are thought to number at least half a million and are doing most things short of parading publicly, though that will doubtless come.

In public they sing the "Hymn of Rome," which cannot be banned because it is by Puccini; and as the lean, professorial Marsanich, the leader of the party, steps on to the platform, they fervently bawl "Duce! Duce! Duce!" just as in olden days.

One Italian view is: "Let the pendulum swing—so long as it swings back again and does not get caught up as it did in 1924." The chief risk is of the M.S.I.-ists successfully proselytizing among the Monarchists, of whom there are no fewer than 12,000,000

NEWS FROM ROME AND TRIESTE

THE LAUNCH OF THE "AUGUSTUS," ITALY'S NEWEST AND BEST-EQUIPPED LINER: The 25,000-ton vessel, which is being built with Marshall Plan funds, seen on the slipway as she was about to be named by Signora Francesca de Gasperi, wife of Premier de Gasperi, and launched into the waters of the Adriatic in the presence of a crowd of 30,000 people. At the moment of launching, the new liner was blessed by Mgr. Antonio Santin, Bishop of Trieste. The *Augustus* will serve on both the North and South Atlantic routes. Like her sister-ship, *Giulio Cesare*, she will have air-conditioning in all cabins.

THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT INSPECTS THE NEW ALFA ROMEO: Signor Einaudi (left, facing camera) inspecting the 1900-cc. model which was brought to his palace for a private view. The new car, with a 4-cylinder engine developing 80 b.h.p., has a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h. and does approximately 27 m.p.g. There is room for six persons and the cost is just over 2,000,000 lire (£1,200). The car has graceful lines. Accommodation for luggage is on a generous scale.

ROME'S ARMY OF 30,000 MOTOR SCOOTERS NOW HAS TO HAVE LICENCE PLATES: An official of the Inspettorato della Motorizazione adjusting one of the new plates at the rear of a 125-cc. Lambretta motor-scooter as required under the new Italian Government regulations.

EASTERN AMERICA BUFFETED BY A GREAT STORM

HURRICANE WINDS, HEAVY FALLS OF SNOW, AND TEMPERATURES BELOW FREEZING POINT

LIGHT PASSENGER PLANES LIE WRECKED AND OVERTURNED AT COUSINS AIRPORT, ON STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK: The onslaught of hurricane winds in New York State lasted nineteen hours, and then the storm, said to be the worst within living memory in the Eastern States, passed north-east to Maine, afterwards describing a semi-circle to hit Ohio and Pennsylvania. 113 lives were lost.

TERRA-COTTA ROOFING CASCADED INTO UNION SQUARE WEST, NEW YORK: In the doorway of the cafeteria on the left, Abe Yaeger, a twenty-seven-year-old displaced person who had only been in America six weeks, was hit by the roofing which fell into the square at the height of New York's great storm. He was killed instantly. The car parked at the kerb was badly damaged by the shower of debris, and this part of the square had to be cordoned off.

SNOW 2 FT. THICK LAY IN THE STREETS OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO: A snow-plough seen at work in the steel city. On the left is a car which its owner had to abandon at the height of the storm. In Lumberport, West Virginia, the average snowfall was even deeper, 42 ins. being officially recorded there.

CARS BURIED IN THE STREETS OF DOWNTOWN, PITTSBURGH: This city had a snowfall of 26½ ins. All sessions of the courts had to be suspended, and it was decided that schools would remain closed until the main streets were clear.

THE FLOATING LIFEBOAT STATION AT BOSTON SINKS IN THE STORM: Winds up to 60 m.p.h. were sweeping across the harbour when the lifeboat station sprang a leak and went to the bottom in a matter of seconds. The nine members of the crew jumped to the pier and on to picket boats which came to the rescue.

CHAOS IN THE STREETS OF CLEVELAND, OHIO: Buses and cars stranded in the snow in the Lake city, where 18 ins. of snow fell in a few hours. The Mayor of Cleveland declared a state of emergency and called out the National Guard with half-track vehicles in order to help clear the streets.

Snow has immobilised whole cities in Eastern America, and winds of hurricane force have done an immensity of damage, particularly in New York. The gales began in the south, swept north-east along the line of the Appalachian Mountains, their progress being marked by winds which in some places reached over 100 m.p.h. With the storm centre just inland of New York City, the storm passed north-east to Maine, and then, contrary to expectations, made a complete turn-about and struck at some areas which had suffered in the first instance. In New York, streets everywhere were littered with debris, with shop windows blown in, roof-tiles cascading to the streets, and hoardings down everywhere. The snowstorms in Ohio and Pennsylvania were particularly disruptive, and in many cities, notably Cleveland and Pittsburgh, a state of emergency had to be declared. In Altoona, Pennsylvania, more than 200,000 people were without electricity. Candles sold at 3s. 6d. each.

Foreign News in Pictures

THE RUSSIAN URANIUM MINES OF SAXONY

ETNA IN ERUPTION; THE GREEK CHILD REFUGEES; AUSTRALIAN RECRUITING; LONE VOYAGERS

THE QUICKENING QUEST FOR URANIUM—ONE OF THE RAPIDLY DEVELOPING MINES IN SAXONY, WHERE GERMAN POLITICAL PRISONERS AND FORMER D.P.s ARE ENGAGED IN MINING UNDER SLAVE LABOUR CONDITIONS: Two Soviet guards are seen at the main gate. On the winding shaft are written the words "For you, for me, for everyone," which may mean precisely anything in this place which provides the source of atomic power. In the uranium camps in Saxony the workers on the first shift rise at 1.30 a.m. and travel two hours by rail to the closely guarded mines, where they carry on until 1 p.m. There is a daily meal of watery soup provided free of charge and monthly wages amount to £7. Women are also used, and they are said to be prominent among the 3,000 workers who were scheduled last year to begin operations in the new mines at Chemnitz. Russia is also producing uranium in the Fergana Valley of Central Asia, 200 miles east of Tashkent, capital of Turkestan. These Fergana Valley mines are said to be the richest in the world. Located near them is a large atomic plant.

THEY PAUSE TO WATCH THE GUARD MARCH BY: Women workers, engaged in ore-loading operations at one of the Saxon uranium mines, lean on their shovels as members of the Red Army mine guard are marched to their duties. This picture, and that reproduced on the left, were taken despite Soviet vigilance, and they were subsequently smuggled out of Russian-controlled Saxony.

SMOKE POURS FROM THE CRATER OF MOUNT ETNA FOLLOWING THE LATEST ERUPTION: Earth tremors and heavy explosions inside the volcano were followed by a flood of lava on the eastern slopes.

WATCHING THE TIDE OF LAVA AS IT FLOWED DOWN TOWARDS THE PLAIN: Villagers and soldiers on the slopes of Mount Etna following the latest eruption. Two streams of incandescent lava advanced down the eastern side of the mountain towards the villages of Milo and Fornazzo. Many villagers knelt in front of the lava stream, praying for it to be halted in its course. The greatest threat was to Fornazzo, on which the lava, issuing from six eruptive cones, advanced at the rate of 250 yards an hour over a front of nearly one mile.

COLONEL LEO DE MEYER SIGNS FOR TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN: The International Red Cross Special Envoy (centre background) seen at Thermalna Banja, a small Yugoslav resort near the Græco-Yugoslav frontier, as he officially received custody of the twenty-one Greek children who were being returned to Greece after three years' captivity in Yugoslavia. The children, twelve boys and nine girls ranging from five to eighteen years of age, were among the 24,000 kidnapped by Greek Communist rebels. Before handing over took place the children were examined by a Greek Red Cross doctor. He found most of them pre-tubercular and that some of them were suffering from trachoma and stomach diseases. Most of the children were dressed in old Yugoslav army uniforms. When the children crossed the border into Greece en route to Salonika, Greek villagers lit bonfires along the route and at some points large crowds gathered to greet them. The children conversed in Serbo-Croatian, which they had learnt in Yugoslav schools.

THE NURSES TAKE OVER: A nursing contingent arriving to meet the bus which brought back to Greece twenty-one of the Greek children kidnapped by Greek Communist rebels during the civil war. The children are seen in the background mingling with Red Cross officials who arranged the transfer on the Græco-Yugoslav border. It was arranged that the children should be in the care of nurses until it was possible for them to be handed over to their respective parents.

THE CORONATION OF THE BOY KING OF NEPAL: The three-year-old monarch returning the salute of his Ministers after his enthronement as Maharajadhiraja Gyanendra. In order to conform with Nepalese Royal practice the boy King has been married to the granddaughter of the hereditary Premier. He could not have ascended the throne unless married.

SYDNEY'S "BIGGEST SINCE-THE-WAR" RECRUITING DRIVE—THE GREAT PARADE THROUGH THE CITY STREETS ON A SUMMER'S DAY: Bandsmen of the Royal Australian Navy and Royal Australian Marines leading Sydney's big recruiting parade through George Street on November 17. More than 1,000 men of the three fighting services, as well as tanks, artillery, heavy lorries, ambulances and searchlights, paraded.

THE TRIAL OF ILSE KOCH: Frau Koch, whose husband was for a time commandant of the notorious Buchenwald Camp, giving evidence before a German court at Augsburg, where she has been charged with murder, complicity in murder and torture. Frau Koch became known as the "Mistress of Buchenwald" and allegedly caused the tattooed skin of some of the inmates who died to be made into lamp shades and other household articles. She was tried by an American military court and sentenced to imprisonment for life, but on the grounds that direct evidence against her was lacking, General Clay, who was then Military Governor, later reduced her sentence to four years. She was released in 1949, but was re-arrested by Germans on the gaol doorstep.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE WESTERN ALLIES—GERMAN MEMBERS OF A U.S.-SPONSORED "LABOUR SERVICE UNIT": While the vital question of rearming Germany is under discussion, a U.S.-sponsored "Labour Service Unit" has been formed, and a battalion of "guard troops" composed of men from Western Germany, under German officers up to the rank of Major, is being trained and drilled with arms. A small American staff is in charge of the administration and supervision of the men, 80 per cent. of whom are German World War II veterans, many of them from the S.S. and similar organisations. The troops are accommodated in the former U.S. infantry headquarters, once the headquarters of Roehm's S.A. troops. At present weapons are limited to carbines, but rifles and machine-guns may be forthcoming.

SAILING TO AMERICA IN A 33-FT. YACHT: Lieutenant Clyde Deal, who hails from Oakland, California, at the helm of his boat *Ran* as he weathered rough seas off the coast of Portugal. So far he has sailed from Norway to Portugal, and at the time of writing he is en route to Tangier. From North Africa Lieutenant Clyde hopes to sail to America via the Canaries.

"TO CUT A FURROW THROUGH THE SEAS OF THE ROUND WORLD": Franco Cressini, Guido Fattur and Francesco Bisiach aboard their 11-ton cutter the *Franco 598*. They have built the vessel with their own hands and now hope to beat the record for a round-the-world voyage in a small craft. The existing record of 603 days stands to the credit of the Frenchman, Bernicot. The proposed route of the three argonauts is Gibraltar, the Cape Verde Islands, Sao Paulo (Brazil), the Panama Canal, Ceylon, the Red Sea and the Suez Canal.

NEW PICTURES from the KOREAN BATTLE ZONES

The Push to the Manchurian Border

Last week, after MacArthur's advance to end the war, the home-by-Christmas effort of the U.N. forces had spent itself in the North Korean wilderness, the Chinese, estimated to be 200,000 strong, counter-attacked with vigour and success. So once again this war of many surprises took a new turn. The pictures on these pages were taken just before this latest phase, at a time when the Americans, the British and the R.O.K. troops were advancing steadily towards the Yalu River and the Manchurian border. At that juncture enemy No. 1 was really the cold, snow and sleet storms causing the greatest discomfort to the advancing troops. Biting winds moaned through the desolate mountains of North Korea. Heavy clouds obscured the battlefield and hampered infantry operations. Some units complained that they still had insufficient clothing of the right kind, although tremendous efforts were obviously being made in order to correct the situation.

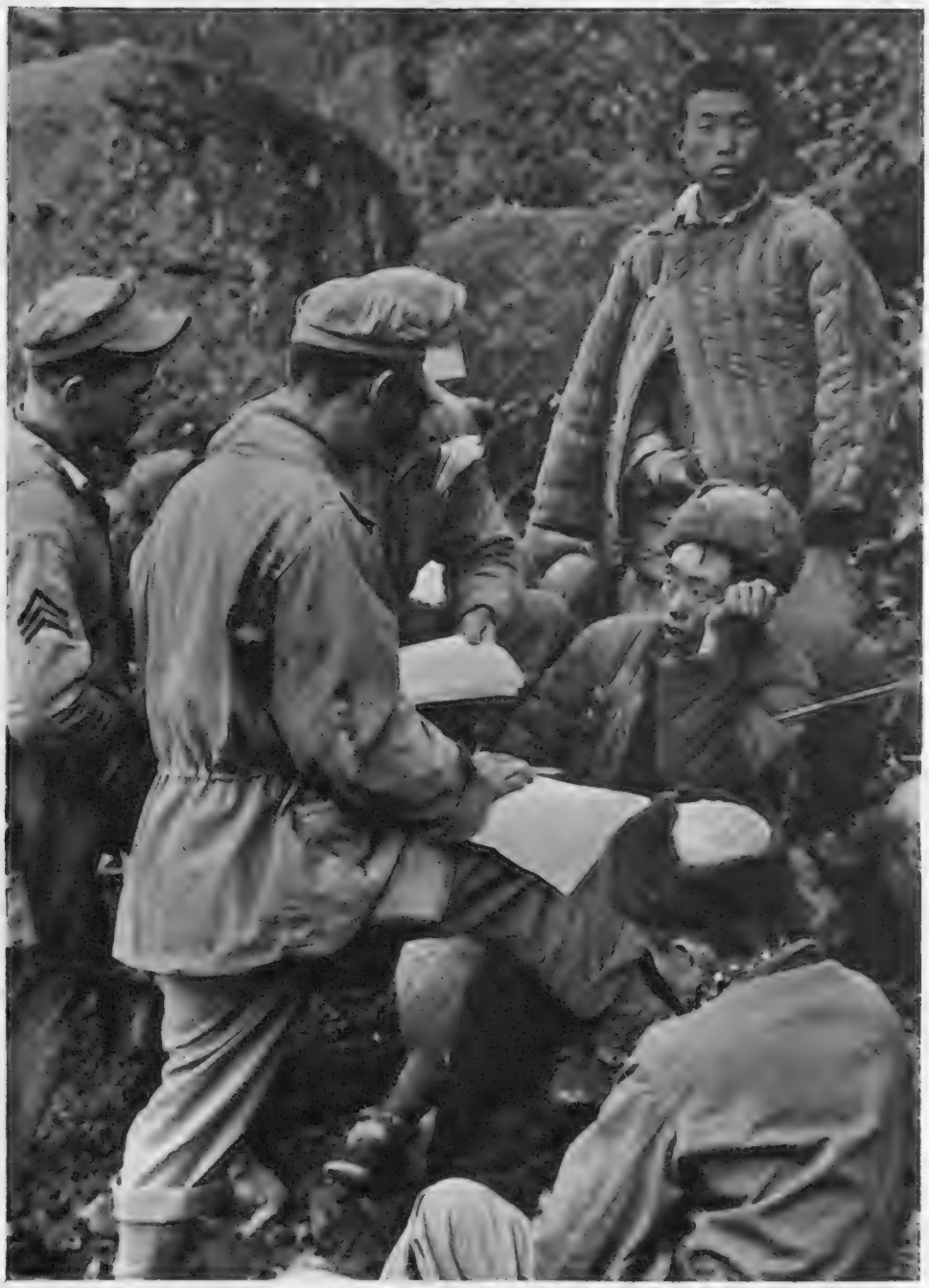
AMERICA'S NEW TANK-BUSTER: This is the jeep-mounted 105-mm. recoil-less rifle which, after being thoroughly tested at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, has been sent out to Korea. It is claimed that it is capable of putting out of action any tank, and it has certainly given a good account of itself during recent engagements.

WITH THE MEN OF THE SEVENTH DIVISION, UNITED STATES ARMY, DURING THE ADVANCE TOWARDS THE YALU RIVER IN THE WEST CENTRAL SECTOR OF THE NORTH KOREAN FRONT: *Left*—An early-morning scene at an infantry advanced post. One man is shaving at the entrance to his shelter, and another is engaged in kindling the fire. When this picture was taken in November temperatures were averaging about 11 degrees below zero. Now, in December, the low average is about 5 degrees below zero. *Right*—A U.S. tank reaches the Manchurian border town of Hyesanjin. In the background are the Manchurian hills. A few days after this picture was taken Red counter-attacks sent the U.N. forces back fifteen miles in some sectors, the line pivoting on Hyesanjin. Then followed the tremendous Red break-through.

A LOG CABIN FAR FROM THE WHITE HOUSE! Men of the United States 24th Division, the fighting unit most regularly in action in Korea since the start of the war, gathered round a fire in front of their improvised quarters on the Korean front just to the north of Anju.

AFTER THE TIDE OF BATTLE HAD ROLLED ON: Colonel H. L. Litzenberg of the U.S. Seventh Marine Regiment telling townsfolk in the North Korean town of Hagaru that they would be given an immediate opportunity to vote for a mayor and other public officials. At this juncture only 200 people out of a total population of 3,000 had returned.

FOR THEM (IT SEEMED) IT WAS THE END OF THE LONG TREK FROM THE SOUTH KOREAN BRIDGEHEAD TO THE MANCHURIAN BORDER: American infantry of the 17th Regiment of the 7th Division marching along the banks of the Yalu River at Hyesanjin, with the hills of North Korea on their left and of Manchuria on their right. They must have begun to believe at this stage that the Korean war was over, little guessing that vast Chinese reinforcements—about 200,000 strong—would soon be exerting pressure along the whole United Nations front.



THE PRISONERS ROLL IN DURING FIGHTING IN THE NORTH-EAST: *Left*—A Brigadier-General of the South Korean forces questioning three captured North Korean Army nurses. He later had them flown south for further interrogation. *Right*—A sergeant of the U.S. Marines interrogating Chinese prisoners taken in the course of the drive towards Chosin reservoir. A South Korean interpreter (in foreground) assists in the task of interrogation. The United Nations now have 140,000 prisoners.

THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD ICE-BREAKER "NORTHWIND" PASSING SNOW-CAPPED MOUNT SHISHALDIN, ON THE BERING SEA SIDE OF THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS: Mount Shishaldin is one of eighty active volcanoes in the Aleutians, and one of the great landmarks on the route followed by the *Northwind* in refuelling lighthouses and Coast Guard stations in Alaskan waters. During her last visit *Northwind* met with particular difficulties at Cape Hinchinbrook, and pictures taken during that refuelling operation are reproduced below. What should have been achieved in a few hours actually took two days, owing to the vagaries of Alaskan weather.

LIGHTHOUSE REFUELLING IN ALASKAN WATERS

THE AMERICAN ICE-BREAKER "NORTHWIND" ON AN EXACTING MISSION

THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE HINCHINBROOK, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, ALASKA: Standing in front of the lighthouse is Arie Van Der Meer, Jnr. (on left), boatswain's mate second class, and he is pointing out local landmarks to James S. Muzzy, executive officer of the *Northwind*, during the ice-breaker's refuelling mission to Cape Hinchinbrook.

When the U.S. Coast Guard's 10,000,000-dollar ice-breaker *Northwind* started on her annual four-month cruise in Alaskan waters and the Bering Sea, one of the first of her multiple duties was to bring fuel oil and supplies to Coast Guard installations.

Several remote lighthouses were on her calling-list, and it was Cape Hinchinbrook station that gave the crew of the *Northwind* their most exacting task.

Eccentric Alaskan weather seemed at its best when the *Northwind* anchored off the station at the entrance to Prince William Sound. On the deck where the ship normally carries a helicopter, a 10,000-gallon oil barge had been secured. Hundreds of feet of hose lay waiting to do the job of carrying the precious oil stowed in fuel tanks aboard the ship to the empty drums at the station.

The L.C.V.P. (landing craft, vehicle, personnel) was lowered into the water, and the crane swung back for a repeat performance with the big oil barge. Pumps began chugging away, transferring oil from the ship's tanks to the barge. Preparations were made to tow the barge as close to the beach as possible.

Approaching the small, rocky beach—only 20 ft. of which are accessible by boat—the L.C.V.P. with its load of men and gear suddenly ran into difficulty in the heavy swells, and began to broach. The men jumped into the chest-deep water, and strained to push the broached boat free of the rocks. Wind, icy water and a slippery foreshore were added hazards. Moreover, the surf frequently broke over the men's heads, soaking them to the skin. Nearly half a day was spent unloading the hose and supplies, and getting the L.C.V.P. back into deep water. It returned to the *Northwind* for repair of a bent propeller and a hole in one side.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE ICE-BREAKER "NORTHWIND'S" LANDING-CRAFT TRIED TO BRING SUPPLIES ASHORE ON THE NARROW, ROCKY BEACH BELOW CAPE HINCHINBROOK LIGHTHOUSE: *Left*—At the instant when the bow ramp was dropped, and the crew was preparing to unload the refuelling hose and other equipment, a giant wave broached the L.C.V.P., knocking her almost broadside on the beach. *Right*—Men straining on the line to keep the broached landing-craft steady, while others completed the difficult task of getting the cargo ashore. Afterwards the *Northwind's* crew had to struggle for very nearly half a day to get the landing-craft safely back into deep water.

2,000 FT. OF HOSE ARE LOWERED BY CRANE FROM THE ICE-BREAKER "NORTHWIND" INTO THE WAITING LANDING-CRAFT: Once the hose was linked up with the station at Cape Hinchinbrook, oil was pumped from the *Northwind* at 15 gallons per minute.

Meanwhile, the barge had been safely anchored about 50 yards off the beach, and the task of discharging oil at the rate of 15 gallons per minute was progressing. Abruptly, the picture changed. A shift in the wind and high waves prevented smaller craft from effecting a landing, and the damaged L.C.V.P. was still being repaired. Night was coming on. There was nothing to do but stay ashore.

Twenty-two cold, wet and unexpected guests posed a problem in accommodation for the light station, its normal complement being four men. The weary "extras" spent a most uncomfortable night. Next morning, the repaired L.C.V.P. came in to transport them to the *Northwind*, and the refuelling operation continued without further incident. The actual refuelling was accomplished in about five hours, but with all the difficulties encountered, it had taken two days to get the gear on the beach to do the job.

THE OIL DRUMS ARE FILLED AND THE OPERATION IS NOW COMPLETE: This overhead view of the narrow, rocky beach at Cape Hinchinbrook shows a year's supply of fuel for the lighthouse after it had been pumped ashore from the *Northwind*. In the foreground are members of the crew of the *Northwind* who helped in the task of transferring the oil. Above the fuel station the cliffs rise to 1,400 ft.

400 WARSHIPS READY FOR ACTION AT SHORT NOTICE

HOW THE SHIPS OF THE RESERVE FLEET HAVE BEEN PLACED IN PICKLE BUT KEPT IN FIGHTING TRIM SHOULD AN EMERGENCY ARISE

FRIGATES AND OTHER SMALL NAVAL CRAFT CLUSTERED ROUND H.M.S. "ADAMANT," THE RESERVE FLEET DEPOT SHIP, WHICH IS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND: Craft are often moored beside *Adamant* while they are being "pickled" for reserve. The destroyers lying in the background have been sealed, but, so efficient are modern preservation methods, machinery, guns and equipment can be relied upon at short notice to function perfectly when brought back into action. In fact, Britain has 400 warships in the Reserve Fleet which, in the space of a few weeks, could be made ready for sea. Crews could take over without delay, and they would find beneath the plastic skins, the glistening bulbous cocoons, equipment, greased, oiled, and in every way efficient. All that would remain to be done would be to ship ammunition, fuel and food.

A CLOSE-MESHED NET SERVES AS THE BASIS FOR THE SILVERY COCOONS IN WHICH GUNS, RADAR, RADIO AND OTHER EQUIPMENT ARE WRAPPED: Over this, plastic sprays operate, and, within the cocoons, the equipment is efficiently sealed.

THE PAINT-SPRAYING PARTY RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS: With faces and hands greased to avoid paint adhering to their skins, they are ready to put a protective covering over the interior of a warship of the Reserve Fleet.

CHECKING THE EQUIPMENT IN A MINESWEEPER OF THE RESERVE: Minesweepers are among the first vessels required if an emergency threatens. They are kept in reserve with their masses of equipment neatly docketed.

FIGHTING THE BATTLE AGAINST CORROSION: Men at work cocooning the main armament of a warship of the Reserve Fleet. All the smaller guns and radar equipment are similarly protected.

HULL MAINTENANCE BEFORE SEALING UP: The lagging beneath the scuttles is taken away so that the shipwright may test the condition of the hull with his small chipping hammer.

DRYING AGENTS ARE PLACED WITHIN THE COCOON BEFORE THE EQUIPMENT IS FINALLY SEALED UP: These drying agents absorb any remaining humidity. Each cocoon is left with a peep-hole, as seen below on left, and through this hydrometer readings are taken to make sure that damp is sealed out.

For every warship now in commission under the White Ensign, Britain has several more of the same type lying in reserve. Far from being rusting old hulks in out-of-the-way anchorages, most of these ships—from battleships to frigates and smaller—have been completely refitted. Under a three-year programme nearing completion over 400 ships in the Reserve Fleet have all been equipped with the latest devices and are ready to put to sea in fighting trim at short notice.

Manpower limitations, which all navies experience in peace-time, has meant insufficient crews to man all the ships of the Royal Navy. On the basis which the Reserve Fleet is organised, however, crews of reservists can be called up in an emergency to man those ships now laid up. Modern preservation methods are so efficient that machinery and equipment unused for years functions perfectly when started up again. With every single item on board minutely indexed, strange crews can take over an empty ship with the minimum of difficulty.

All that remains to be done is to ship ammunition, fuel and food, and the reserve ships are ready for sea. The work lying behind the preservation of the so-called "moth-ball fleet"—pickling would be a more appropriate term—is thorough indeed, and when they are finally "cocooned" and sealed up against the corroding dampness these warships are as good, if not better, than anything in commission.

Refitting in the dockyard once the ship has been taken out of service ensures that all her defects are made good, and with the newest equipment added she is as modern as any ship afloat. Reserve Fleet personnel carry out the intricate job of drying and wrapping the ship so that she can withstand, for years if necessary, the effects of the corrosive sea atmosphere. Everything that can be chipped, scraped and painted is gone over thoroughly—even the bilges. Drying agents are put inside and whole cabins sealed up. In some cases whole ships are sealed up and warm, dry air pumped through the fire mains.

Ultimately every single item in the stores is stowed away, carefully docketed and ready for the next crew. They will find even the ship's watch bill pinned up, listing the duties for the first men who join her. With equipment from stem to stern swathed in irregular bulbous cocoons of glistening silver, a warship of the Reserve Fleet looks as if she had just returned from an Arctic cruise instead of having been at anchor for months or years.

Simply by stripping off the protective plastic skin, over 400 warships around Britain's coast and at bases overseas can be ready for action in quick time, punches unpacked when required.

WINDSOR'S TUDOR-STYLE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS AS THEY NOW APPEAR, WITH THE OAK BALUSTRADING REMOVED FROM THE ROOFS: The appearance of the cloisters is now somewhat bare, but the balustrading had to go as it was rotting and doing an immensity of damage to the roofs of the houses. Owing to the heavy cost involved, it is unlikely that the balustrading will be replaced. It is not of any antiquity, being the work of Sir George Gilbert Scott in the nineteenth century.

Pseudo TUDOR in DECAY

WOODWORK HAS TO BE REMOVED FROM WINDSOR'S HORSESHOE CLOISTERS

Behind the noble structure of St. George's Chapel, Valhalla of the House of Windsor, stand the Tudor-style Horseshoe Cloisters, one of the pseudo-antiquities devised in the last century by that most prolific of architects, Sir George Gilbert Scott, who, in a lifetime of incredible activity, restored cathedrals and churches in every corner of the land and found time to erect those monumental piles, the Albert Memorial and St. Pancras Station. Scott's work at Windsor has not stood the test of time at all well, and the oak balustrading which he erected above his cloister, as a sort of connecting-link between the houses, has become so rotten with age that its removal has been found essential. This incursion into the Tudor style was not in Scott's favourite manner, for he was one of the leading protagonists of the revived Gothic form. During his long life he did an immense amount of restoration work on English cathedrals and churches, some of which has since come to be regarded as unduly destructive of ancient work. His grandson is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott.

THEY PROVIDE HOMES FOR A DOZEN OF THE LAY CLERKS: One side of the semicircle of cloisters, as it now appears, with the oak balustrading removed. In the background is one of the ramparts of the Castle.

THE LAST OF THE TIMBER BALUSTRADING ABOUT TO BE REMOVED FROM THE ROOFS: Work is also in progress on the restoration of houses in the Cloisters, which are badly in need of repair.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE WINDSOR CLOISTERS: The scaffolding is seen in course of erection, prior to the task of removing the rotting woodwork.

TWENTY YEARS AN EMPEROR

Haile Silassie I of Ethiopia Has Just Celebrated the Twentieth Anniversary of His Coronation in Addis Ababa—A Camera Record of the Emperor's Daily Life

THIS year the independent Empire of Haile Silassie I, the great confederation of Christian kingdoms in North-eastern Africa, has been very much to the forefront in international affairs because of the discussions at Lake Success with regard to the disposal of the former Italian colonies. At last it seems agreement has been reached, and Ethiopia will have her outlet to the sea, a Federal plan having been drawn up for Eritrea, which, it is suggested, should become a unit under the crown of Ethiopia. There were moments, however, in the spring and autumn of 1949 when the compromise that has now been reached seemed beyond all possibility of achievement. Some U.N. politicians, with cynical resignation indeed, likened the similarity of the name Lake Success to the Amharic word *lekelekes*, which means *confusion*. At the time of writing, however the suggested settlement giving Ethiopia access to the Red Sea port of Massawa provides opportunities for development which have hitherto been denied her by reason of geographical limitations. At the same time, it would appear, the rights of the Italian minority in Eritrea are duly safeguarded.

EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE I WITH HIS YOUNGEST GRANDSON: The Emperor, who has just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his coronation, seen in the grounds of the Imperial Palace at Addis Ababa. It was in May 1941 that the Emperor returned to his capital after the expulsion of the Italian forces from East Africa.

This is also an important year in Ethiopia, as it marks the twentieth anniversary of the accession as Emperor of Haile Silassie I, the King of Kings, the conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, a courageous leader and, above all, an enlightened monarch.

This slight, fifty-eight-year-old monarch is one of the few surviving sovereigns in a world where emperors are a declining species. As with all monarchs, a mystic veil shrouds his everyday life. In Ethiopia, as in every kingdom, every move of the Emperor is calculated to impress the people with his high and mighty station in life, and the tin-roofed palace at Addis Ababa is surrounded by the rarefied air of royalty.

Now, twenty years after his accession, despite the vicissitudes of the intervening years, some of them years of exile, the 5 ft. 4 in. King is still a figure of infinite dignity. He carries himself as proudly and nobly as the day when he shook the world's conscience with his thunderous 1936 declaration before the League of Nations: "Apart from the Kingdom of the Lord, there is not on this earth any nation superior to any other. Are the states going to set up the terrible precedent of bowing before force? In a word, it is international morality that is at stake. . . ." His appeal against Italian aggression fell upon almost deaf ears, and, as all the world knows, he and his family became fugitives, and remained so until the tide of war engulfed the Italians in 1941.

Haile Silassie to-day has changed little in appearance since he made his dramatic League of Nations appeal fifteen years ago. He seems ageless. Still with hardly a grey hair on his head or beard, he stands erect and dignified. His sensitive, olive-coloured face is set off by a thin, mildly-hooked nose that is typical of the ruling Amhara tribe of Ethiopia, reputedly descendants of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

There have been rumours around Addis Ababa that the Emperor's health is not too good. Recently he advertised, in a Swedish medical journal, for a personal physician, and persistent reports say he plans to visit Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, soon for medical treatment. At present he uses a Greek doctor, who also treats the Court.

While all Addis Ababa sleeps—except the policemen—the lights go on in the royal apartment at the Imperial Palace, near the centre of the city. When the bells of St. George's Cathedral chime out six o'clock and the cocks are crowing in a new day, Emperor Silassie is usually out of bed and dressed already. Often his personal servant has been instructed to wake him between four and five o'clock in the morning, only to find upon knocking that his master is already up.

The monarch dresses in military uniforms usually. They are British in style, with the red collar tabs of a staff officer. The Emperor occasionally wears simple business suits also. Recently he had five suits flown to him from New York as well as two top-coats, three dinner jackets, three sports jackets and five pairs of slacks.

(Continued on following page)

THE EMPEROR WHO WEATHERED THE STORM: Emperor Haile Silassie, who lost his throne to the Italians and regained it in the Second World War after years of exile in England. Ethiopia is again an independent State, the last big-scale area of the African continent to remain outside the white man's sphere of influence.

THE EMPEROR TAKES A MEAL IN THE PALACE GARDENS AT ADDIS ABABA: Haile Silassie eats meat sparingly, and his diet consists to a very large extent of fresh fruit. He by no means forgets the dark days of comparative poverty after his flight from Ethiopia when he lived in London with members of his family, occupying for a time a few modest rooms in a hotel on Wimbledon Common.

WATCHING FIELD MANŒUVRES OF THE ETHIOPIAN IMPERIAL GUARD: The Emperor Haile Silassie listening to an officer's description of the tactical plan. The Emperor sits enthroned on a gilded chair which is itself placed on a dais. His feet rest on a special mat. On his right hand is Crown Prince Asfa Wassan, the thirty-four-year-old heir to the throne. The Crown Prince wears a Service dress patterned on that of a British staff officer. He is keenly interested in military affairs.

TWENTY YEARS AN EMPEROR

The Daily Life of Haile Silassie I

(*Continued from previous page*)

After dressing he goes to the palace chapel for his morning prayers. When the Emperor goes to church outside the palace grounds, he usually goes to the Trinity Church, the biggest in the land. It is the Westminster Abbey of Ethiopia. His tomb has already been prepared there. One Sunday morning he entered while the priest was delivering the sermon. Immediately the priest switched from his prepared subject to one praising the Emperor. Haile Silassie sent his personal chaplain up to the priest to tell him: "I am here to praise, not to be praised."

The business day of the Emperor starts even before breakfast. In his study he tackles reports from the outlying provinces of his Empire. Breakfast is at 8.30. The Emperor is a light eater, being very sparing on meat dishes, but fond of fruits and vegetables. His five private cooks are all expert Ethiopian chefs.

The palace staff of fifty is run by a white American housekeeper, Della Hanson, who first came to Ethiopia in 1933 as a missionary. She obtained her palace job in 1940, but was dismissed for several months recently for "talking too much." On her vacation in the States, it appears Mrs. Hanson talked to her friends about how the Emperor walked bare-footed around his private chambers, and a newspaper in mid-West United States printed the story. Silassie saw the news clipping, which gave the impression that he was a primitive ruler, and he at once dismissed her. But several months later he re-engaged her.

Mrs. Hanson does much of her buying in the United States, especially at Marshall Field and Company, in Chicago. In 1946 she spent three days

(*Continued on page 376*)

AN N.C.O. OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD DESCRIBES THE PLAN FOR MANŒUVRES: Standing in the background are two of the Emperor's aides and a Swedish staff officer. A Swedish military mission trains the Imperial Guard and a British military mission trains the Imperial Ethiopian Army, the latter a force of about 30,000 men made up to a certain extent from members of a former volunteer force. The Holleta Military School, near Addis Ababa, has been reopened for the training of young Ethiopian officers.

A PALACE TEA-PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT ADDIS ABABA : Princess Tsahai, the Emperor's eldest daughter (facing camera), taking tea with the Crown Princess and the Duchess of Harar, the wife of Haile Silassie's second son. The servant, in accordance with Ethiopian Court etiquette, maintains head and feet in a vertical line. Princess Tsahai, who accompanied her father to England after Abyssinia's defeat at the hands of Italy, acted as a nurse during the Italian war.

THE ETHIOPIANS THE LION IS THE EMBLEM OF ALL THAT IS ROYAL AND MAGNIFICENT : The Emperor with some of the lion-cubs in his private menagerie. In Menelik's day lions were regarded as the perquisite of the Emperor, and it was regarded as an act of lèse majesté to attempt to take one from the country.

THE EMPEROR IS HIS OWN MINISTER OF EDUCATION AND TAKES AN UNCEASING INTEREST IN THE WORK OF THE SCHOOLS : He is seen here presenting a prize to a young girl athlete after an inter-school sports meeting in Addis Ababa. Every year the Emperor gives a party for graduates. In 1949, of twenty-six candidates for London matriculation, thirteen passed and were sent abroad for higher studies most of them to England, where there is a society of Ethiopian students.

TWENTY YEARS AN EMPEROR

(*Continued from page 374*)

at Field's ordering £1,300 worth of linens for the palace, including fourteen dozen dish-cloths. The most recent addition to her dinner service is a set of 676 crystal drinking-glasses made in Sweden's famed Orresfors glass works. Each piece has Haile Silassie's coat of arms tooled on it.

Haile Silassie's business day is punctuated by an endless procession of ministers and diplomatic officials. He handles everything from settling disputes between rival chiefs to signing death sentences (no death penalty can be carried out without his signature).

Many claim that Silassie loves power and insists on running the whole show by himself. After returning from exile it is said that he offered the post of Prime Minister to Ras Imru, who is regarded by many Ethiopians as a strong man. Ras Imru reportedly told Silassie, a cousin of his, that if he was made Prime Minister he would insist on carrying out all the functions of Prime Minister and not be a puppet of the Imperial Palace. Silassie objected and made Imru envoy to the United States instead.

The Emperor's daily routine includes a light lunch at about one o'clock and then a nap. By four o'clock he is back at his desk. When pressing State matters are disposed of, the Emperor hangs out the "Welcome" sign. Visiting foreigners lucky enough to gain admittance to the palace make calls upon him at this time.

Each afternoon, shortly before sunset, the Emperor takes an automobile ride round Addis Ababa. It is usual to see cars suddenly screech to a stop when he passes.

Bare-footed natives along the sidewalks, dressed in close-fitting pants and with white cheese-cloth shammas draped around their shoulders, hold their hats and bend like half-opened jack-knives. Some kneel so low that their foreheads touch the ground when the Emperor and sometimes the Empress pass.

At public appearances the Emperor sits in a portable throne. From where his car stops to where he sits servants lay a carpet for him to walk on. Upon sitting, a royally embroidered pillow is placed under his feet.

The Emperor's official day ends at eight o'clock. He takes his dinner, and then spends his evenings with his family. In his apartment he has a powerful British-made radio gramophone combination which cost the Emperor more than £1,000. This set picks up broadcasts from any part of the world. The Emperor follows news broadcasts from both sides of the Iron Curtain avidly. His favourite music programmes are classical, Beethoven for preference.

At week-ends the Emperor takes trips to the country. He owns small palaces in different parts of his empire. He visits his newest one at Bischoftu at least once a month.

THE CROWN PRINCE ASFA WASSAN AND THE DUKE OF HARAR, THE FIRST AND SECOND SONS OF THE EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE: Both Princes have their own palaces, and the Duke, who has one at Harar, is constructing a new one at Addis Ababa at a cost of £100,000. There were reports in 1949 of a revolt in the Provinces and an attempt on the life of the Crown Prince. It was subsequently established that an insignificant local disturbance had been much exaggerated and that there had been no real threat to the Crown Prince. The Duke of Harar knows Europe, having as a youth shared his father's exile.

THE EMPEROR'S AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER, MRS. DELLA HANSON, INSPECTS TABLE ARRANGEMENTS BEFORE AN OUTDOOR LUNCHEON AT THE ADDIS ABABA PALACE: Mrs. Hanson came to Ethiopia in the '30's as a missionary, and for the past ten years she has been in complete charge of all domestic arrangements at the Imperial palace.

BESIDE THE ROYAL LILY PONDS: *Left*—The Duke of Harar, watched closely by his Boxer, takes a photograph of his sister, who poses in front of the fountain in the palace gardens. *Right*—While an aide, his personal chaplain and his personal servant attend him, the Emperor feeds the ducks in the palace gardens, taking bread from a silver tray. Wherever he goes in Addis Ababa the Emperor nearly always wears military uniform, save on those occasions when he is acting as Minister of Education.

THE DRUMMERS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD: The drummers outside the main gates of the Imperial Palace. The drummer in the centre is seen wearing his gym shoes, as his regulation Army boots were under repair.

THE ASHFORD BY-PASS ON WHICH WORK HAS BEEN SUSPENDED, A DECISION WHICH HAS CAUSED GRAVE DISQUIETUDE, AS ASHFORD CONTEMPLATES ANOTHER SUMMER OF TRAFFIC CHAOS: This aerial view shows the unfinished by-pass at the point where it will rejoin the Folkestone Road at Willesborough. Kent County Council is now asking for the recommencement of work on the by-pass.

TROUBLE on the KENT COAST ROAD

The Stoppage of Work on the Vitally-needed Ashford By-Pass

There is trouble on the Kent coast road, that broad highway that runs through Maidstone to Ashford and so to the sea at Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone and Dover. The trouble arises mainly in the summer months, when Maidstone and Ashford are veritable bottlenecks for traffic, and returning holidaymakers queue endlessly for the privilege of passing through. When work began on the Ashford By-pass, it was felt that at least one major obstacle was about to be removed, and so the stoppage of work on that scheme has been a bitter blow alike to motorists and to the much-harassed citizens of Ashford. Kent County Council are now exerting pressure in the matter, and are asking for an early resumption of work.

THE WILLESBOROUGH ROUNDABOUT: At this point south of Ashford the by-pass will come to an end, and traffic will continue along the old route through Mersham to the environs of Hythe, where there is another by-pass. When work was stopped on the by-pass (for economic reasons), fair progress had been made, including the building of several bridges. A Kent County Council deputation has been organised to visit the Ministry of Transport to press for completion of the road.

ASHFORD FROM THE AIR: Ever-increasing traffic, particularly during the summer holiday season, and the existence of bad corners and bottlenecks in Ashford itself, have made the traffic situation in the town chaotic. Citizens were dismayed when they heard that work had been stopped on the by-pass.

AT THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES' SHELLFISH RESEARCH STATION AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH : The research station has been set up by the Ministry in order to investigate the causes of the decline of the oyster industry. Employees are here seen taking pump samples from one of the launches. A small petrol-pump pumps seawater through a fine silk net. In this way the oyster larvæ can be caught, counted and measured.

IN THE HEART OF THE EAST COAST OYSTER-PRODUCING AREA—THE OYSTER PITS AT PAGLESHAM, NEAR SOUTHEND, ESSEX : In these pits oysters are often stored before sale. The pits can also be used during the winter for oysters, which might otherwise die of exposure.

SURVEYING THE OYSTER BEDS

THE GOVERNMENT'S SHELLFISH RESEARCH STATION AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH

SCIENTIFIC AIDS FOR THE OYSTER INDUSTRY ON THE EAST COAST : This pontoon moored in the river carries a thermograph, an instrument used for making a continuous record of the water temperature.

ONE OF THE FAMILIAR SIGHTS IN THE BACKWATERS OF THE EAST COAST AND ESPECIALLY IN THE CROUCH : The framework used for supporting the egg-collecting boxes. These are ordinary cardboard boxes which have been dipped into a cement mixture. Within the sections of the box the spat (baby oysters) will settle and remain until they are separated.

WHERE THE BABY OYSTERS ARE ENCOURAGED TO SETTLE : The slates upon which the spats are encouraged to congregate and remain. The spat swims about in the water for periods of up to ten days after being liberated from the parent, after which it will settle on any suitable surface. Experiments are being made at the station to collect and conserve the spat.

During the present century a marked decline has been apparent in the flourishing oyster-fishing industry. This decline has been found to be stronger on the east coast and has been attributed to a variety of causes, the most important of which have been the influx of pests, epidemic diseases and the neglect of the grounds during two World Wars. To combat the decline of an industry which provides employment for a large number of people, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has now set up a small Shellfish Research Station at Burnham-on-Crouch in the centre of the east coast oyster-producing area, in addition to the Mussel Cleansing Station at Conway, North Wales. The main work of the naturalists concerned is to discover ways and means of combating the enemies of the oyster, methods of reclaiming oyster grounds which have become derelict, and the exploitation of methods of collecting and conserving spat (newly settled baby oysters). Great progress has already been made in restocking and reclaiming oyster grounds, in predicting spat falls, and in methods of dealing with pests. Much work, however, remains to be done, but it is the Ministry's great hope that the oyster industry will, one day, be restored to its original glory.

A CLOSE-UP OF AN EGG-BOX COLLECTOR : This picture shows the number of oysters which have settled and grown in the partitions of the box. They are normally broken up after twelve months to prevent the oysters becoming distorted in the many sections of the box. Later the oysters are removed and laid out on the beds.

A PEST OF THE OYSTER BEDS : A FEMALE AMERICAN WHELK TINGLE : This pest is a small snail-like creature which drills a small hole through the shell of the oyster through which it inserts a long proboscis and consumes the oyster.

ANOTHER PEST ON THE EAST COAST OYSTER BEDS : A chain of slipper limpets, an American pest introduced into this country at the end of last century. These limpets stick on top of one another to form clumps which lie all over the oyster grounds. They breed much more rapidly than the oysters and feed on the same type of food, thus competing with the oyster for food and settling space.

FOUR LOOMS AT SANDWICH

EAST KENT WEAVERS AND THEIR FOUR-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD CRAFT

IN THE KENTISH CINQUE PORT OF SANDWICH—THE BUILDING WHERE THE SANDWICH WEAVERS CARRY ON THEIR CRAFT: In this fifteenth-century building in Strand Street, four looms are working to a full schedule.

IN CHARGE OF THE SANDWICH WEAVERS IN THE OLD KENTISH CINQUE PORT: Miss Mary Turner is here seen winding wool from a skein on to a bobbin. On right is the skein-holder, or swift, while on left is the bobbin-winder. The spokes on the wheel of the winder have been heavily worn into grooves during the years by fingers winding the wheel.

INSIDE THE WORKSHOP: Miss Pat Atthill is seen at a hand loom in the background, while in the foreground a girl is winding wool from a skein.

AT WORK IN THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING IN STRAND STREET: Miss Pat Atthill, of Ramsgate, engaged on one of the hand looms. When this picture was taken she was making a suit length. Hand looms with the Jacquard mechanism (invented in 1804) are still used to teach students the principles of weaving. The hand loom was still preferred for some purposes long after the power loom had been invented.

THE WEAVERS' WARPING MILL: Here warps are prepared for the loom, which is seen in the background.

Down in the picturesque East Kent Cinque Port of Sandwich, a craft founded by Flemish settlers more than 400 years ago still prospers under the guiding influence of Miss Mary Turner. In a fifteenth-century building in Strand Street, where it is reputed Queen Elizabeth once called, the Sandwich Weavers are working four looms at full speed. Miss Turner, who this year celebrates twenty-one years as a weaver, has since 1929 kept up a constant link with a small factory in the far north of Scotland. The Scottish factory first dyes and spins the rough wool before sending it down to Sandwich, 600 miles away, where the weavers then carry out their task of producing the woven fabric. Miss Turner's interest in the industry is carried a stage further during her holidays, when she pays visits to foreign weavers.

THE SHAPE OF SHIPS TO COME

THE EXPERIMENTAL ESTABLISHMENT AT HASLAR, NEAR GOSPORT, WHERE NEW DESIGNS AND EQUIPMENT ARE TRIED OUT

THE SCALE MODEL OF A SHIP'S TRIPOD MAST, WITH SIGNALLING AND RADAR EQUIPMENT REPRESENTED BY WEIGHTS, IS SUBJECTED TO VIBRATION TESTS AT THE ADMIRALTY EXPERIMENTAL WORKS AT HASLAR, NEAR GOSPORT: Vibration, similar to that which would be encountered at sea, is injected into the model mast by means of an electro-magnetic exciter driven from a beat frequency oscillator. As the frequency of excitation is very slowly raised, critical vibrations appear and are measured with condenser-type gauges which, being very light, do not hamper the movements. From these measurements, the detailed behaviour of the ship's mast can be confidently predicted. By means of tests such as this all new naval designs are examined for efficiency before they are put into production, and the pictures reproduced on these pages show the comprehensive nature of the work at Haslar.

NO. 2 (LARGE) SHIP TANK AT HASLAR WITH ITS EXPERIMENTAL CARRIAGE EXTENDING THE WIDTH OF THE TANK AND RUNNING ON RAILS BESIDE IT: Beneath the apparatus girder of the carriage, and attached to a dynamometer, is a wax model ship, a new design under efficiency test. Naval architects are constantly at work on hull configuration, as it is vital to evolve designs in which a higher proportion of the capacity and displacement can be allocated to offensive and defensive equipment. No. 2 ship tank, the larger of the two, is 890 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 18 ft. deep.

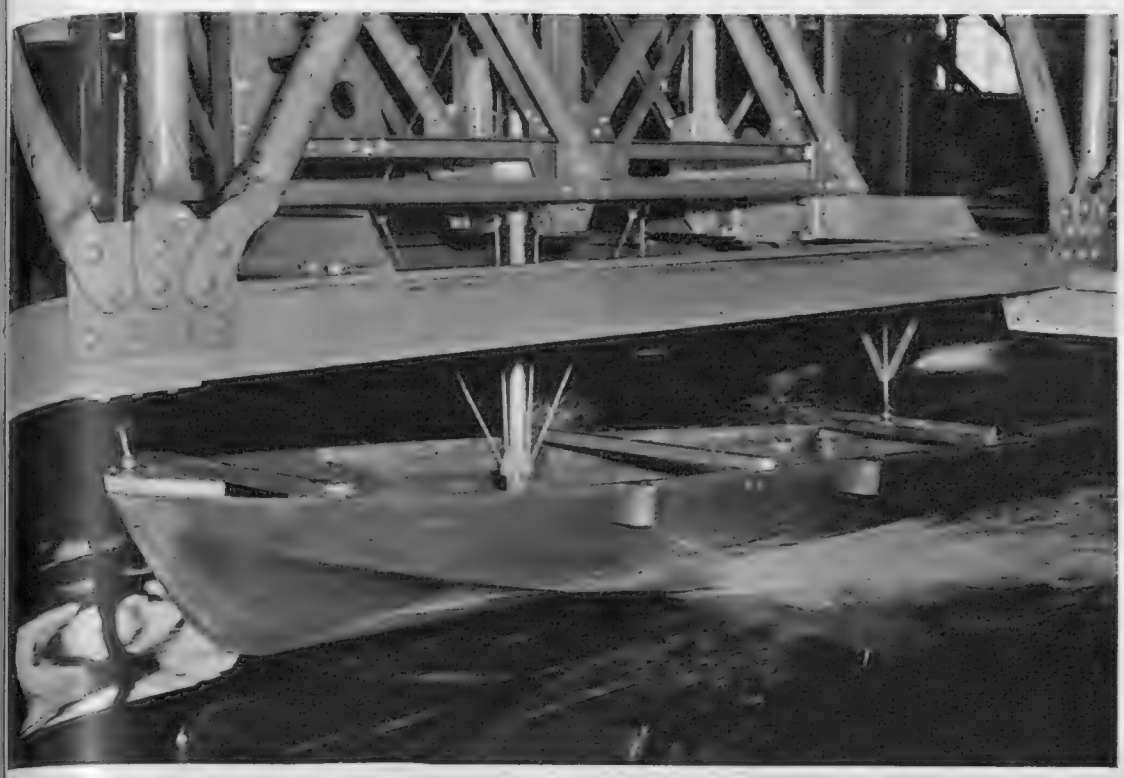
A MODEL WARSHIP HULL IN THE MAKING: A wax ship model, which will be tried out in the Haslar test tank, seen in the cutting machine, having waterlines grooved in the hull by steel knives rotating at 2,000 revolutions per minute. The model is slowly driven through the cutters and the knives are guided on the correct path by a pantograph. This pantograph copies a half-breadth plan of the ship, accurately drawn on a table which is geared to move with the model. The operator seen in the top left-hand corner in front of the table controls the machine.

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A SHIP MODEL IN PARAFFIN-WAX: The model, with its machine-grooved waterlines, is seen upside down and resting upon trestles in the trimming bay. The surplus wax has to be trimmed off by hand, the tools used being specially-designed trimming hooks. The trimming is completed with spokeshaves and finally with metal scrapers, which remove very fine shavings and leave a smooth surface. The paraffin-wax has an addition of 4 per cent. beeswax.

Naval research in England is unceasing, as it has need to be before, during and after wars, for it never ceases among other maritime nations, and the march of science, almost from month to month, imposes new conditions on modes of waging war at sea. The Royal Navy obtains its information in many and diverse ways. Trials in which surplus warships are used as targets are most productive, and the expenditure involved in these large-scale trials is often negligible compared with the results obtained. Valuable data are also obtained from scientific expeditions, particularly those penetrating Arctic and Antarctic waters, while last, but not least, there is the Admiralty Experimental Works at Haslar, where small-scale models are at the service of the Director of Naval Construction. Any new design must inevitably go through the mill at Haslar, where the object is to secure for the design the highest standards of propulsion, seaworthiness, steering and vibration. The visitor realises how and why the future Fleet will be faster and quicker to turn to attack, more evasive and more far-reaching, how ships will be less troubled by vibration of sensitive new weapons and radar, how they will keep the seas better and ride more safely at anchor.

The Admiralty have a proud record of investigations by ship-model experiments. The first Experiment Tank in the world was installed at Torquay in 1871, and this pioneer effort in ship-model research formed an early prototype for experiment tanks now found the world over. The temporary establishment at Torquay ceased activities in 1885, and was replaced by an experiment tank on the present site at Haslar, now known as No. 1 Ship Tank. This tank is still in constant use, but to meet the exacting requirements of a modern fleet, other facilities have been added from time to time. There is now a second and larger ship tank, a cavitation tunnel, a vibration laboratory and an anchor tank.

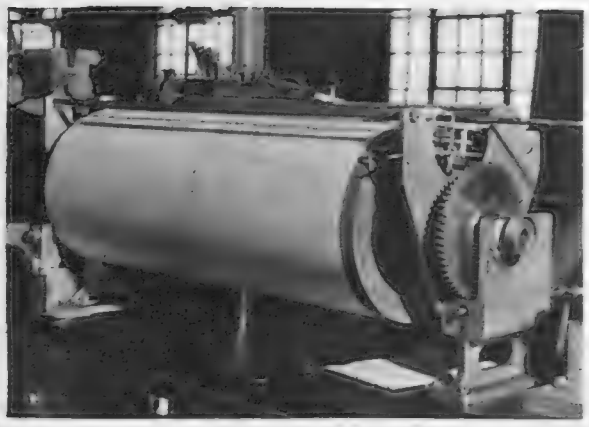
A ship tank is a long, covered waterway in which ship models are towed from a precision dynamometer mounted on an experiment carriage, driven at definite steady speeds along a rail track alined to the curvature of the earth. The resistance to motion of the hull is recorded and the performance of the propellers is tested. The ship models, about 20 ft. long or less, are generally made of hard paraffin-wax cast in the form of a shell upwards of about 1 in. in thickness when finished. They are first cast in a clay mould and then grooved by a special shaping machine, and finally finished accurately to shape by hand-tools. Regular waves, controlled in size, can be generated in the tank, and records are taken of roll, pitch, heave and propulsion in rough water, and of the spray and water taken on board. Fans are arranged with large trunks to simulate wind at sea, and to test the effect of wind on steering and of blowing spray on to the model. The cavitation tunnel explores the problem of cavitation—a destructive process set up on fast propellers by suction. In the anchor tank research goes on to improve the efficiency of anchors for ships and moorings.



A WAX MODEL OF A MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT BEING TOWED FROM THE DYNAMOMETER ON NO. 2 SHIP TANK AT HASLAR; IT IS TRAVELLING AT A SPEED CORRESPONDING TO 40 KNOTS ON THE FULL SCALE: The model is constrained by guiders at its fore and after ends in such a way that it can take up any heel or trim, but cannot yaw. It will be seen that, to save expense, the model is not complete with upper deck and top sides. These are not required when the resistance of the model is being determined, the important thing then being the underwater form. The model is made of wax and is ballasted when stationary to float at the correct waterline and attitude. The resistance of the model during the experimental "run" is recorded autographically on a rotating drum. The object of the experiment is to forecast the engine power required to propel the full-size boat. Various alterations are often made to the shape of the model in between tests.

THE OFFICIAL IN CHARGE OF EXPERIMENTS AND HIS ASSISTANTS TRAVEL FORWARD ON NO. 1 SHIP TANK CARRIAGE AS THEY TEST OUT A SHIP MODEL TOWED BELOW THEIR WORKING PLATFORM: This model is equipped with propellers, and thrust, torque and speed of rotation are being measured autographically on the equipment seen in the foreground. The resistance and speed of the ship model are being recorded in the background. This No. 1 ship tank is 400 ft. long, 20 ft. wide and 9 ft. deep. It was built in 1883 and is still in constant use.

AN ANCHOR UNDER TEST: *Left*—This anchor, after being dragged through the test-bed a distance corresponding to 10 ft. on the full scale, responded as shown in the picture *on the right*. The flukes are burying well and the anchor is obviously stable. A 2-ton anchor has been made to this design and has proved quite as effective at sea as did the model in the experimental bed at Haslar. Mooring equipment is also tested at Haslar.



THE RESISTANCE DYNAMOMETER RECORDING DRUM: This drum, which travels on No. 2 ship tank carriage, provides a series of resistance recordings. These figures, taken in conjunction with those made on the time and distance jig on the left of the drum, enable the officer in charge of experiments to assess the efficiency of each particular model under test.

A 12-IN. DIAMETER METAL MODEL OF A MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT PROPELLER SEEN UNDER TEST IN THE CAVITATION TUNNEL: The propeller is rotating at 1,700 r.p.m., and the water is flowing past it at 12 knots. The propeller is working at light loading.

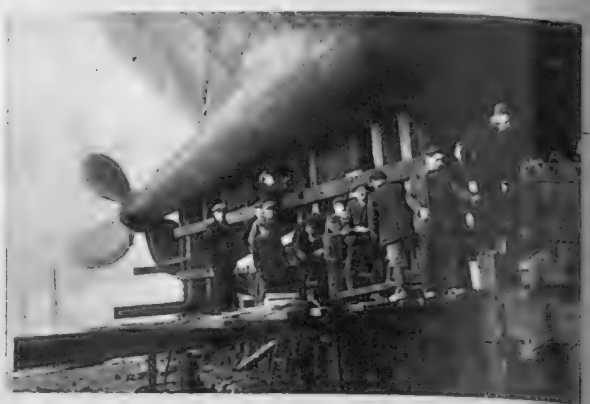
A PROPELLER OPERATING AT HIGH SPEED WITH "CAVITATION" SPREADING IN THE FORM OF A SHEET OVER THE BACKS OF THE BLADES: The loading on this model propeller is heavy, corresponding to that taken up by a full-size propeller driving forward a motor torpedo-boat at a speed of about 40 knots.

WITH THE RUDDER HARD OVER: To obtain early information about the turning path, the rate of turn and the steering qualities of a ship, models are built small enough to make one complete turn in the large ship tank at Haslar. Such models are balanced both statically and dynamically in order to reproduce correct heel on turning. They are self-propelling and are fitted with a time-clock to put the rudder over to a pre-set angle after an initial straight run. The model carries tiny bow and stern lights, and the photograph shows the traces of these lights during one-and-a-half turns in the test tank.

FROM THAMES-SIDE TO CLYDESIDE

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE LARGEST VESSEL LAUNCHED ON THE CLYDE THIS YEAR: The British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Kenya* on the stocks in the Clydeholm Yard of Barclay, Curle and Company before her launching. The *Kenya*, of 15,000 tons, is a passenger-cargo turbine ship, and when she goes into service she will be the largest vessel in the B.I. Fleet. Barclay, Curle are engaged in building a sister-ship.



AT WORK BENEATH THE HULL OF THE NEW LINER "KENYA": Men preparing for the launching of the great vessel from the Clydeholm Yard of Barclay, Curle and Company. The *Kenya* is the sixty-third British India ship built by the same company, and the *Santhia*, recently delivered by them, was the fifty-sixth addition to the British India Fleet since the beginning of the Second World War. At the dinner following the launching, Mr. Barrie, Chairman of Barclay, Curle, referred to the high costs of building, and said that by far the greater part of a ship's cost was incurred outside the industry.

OVER 1,000 FISHERMEN GROPED THEIR WAY TO THE THAMES FOR THIS ANNUAL EVENT: Anglers patiently waiting for results on the fog-bound shores of the Thames at Henley during the Thames Benevolent Competition which was staged by the London Anglers' Association between Pangbourne and Henley.

ROMANO'S IN A NEW GUISE: The celebrated restaurant in the Strand is to be converted into a shop, showrooms and offices. The bar in the basement will disappear. The premises have not been used as a restaurant since war damage sustained in 1940, but the bar has been kept open. Romano's takes its name from Alphonso Nicolino Romano, an Italian waiter nicknamed "The Old Roman," who opened for business in 1874. Within a short while Romano's became the haunt of young bucks and Gaiety girls. In 1895 the restaurant was redecorated in Moorish style, and reopened with acclamation. Romano died in 1901. The sale of the fittings and equipment of the restaurant took place in 1948.

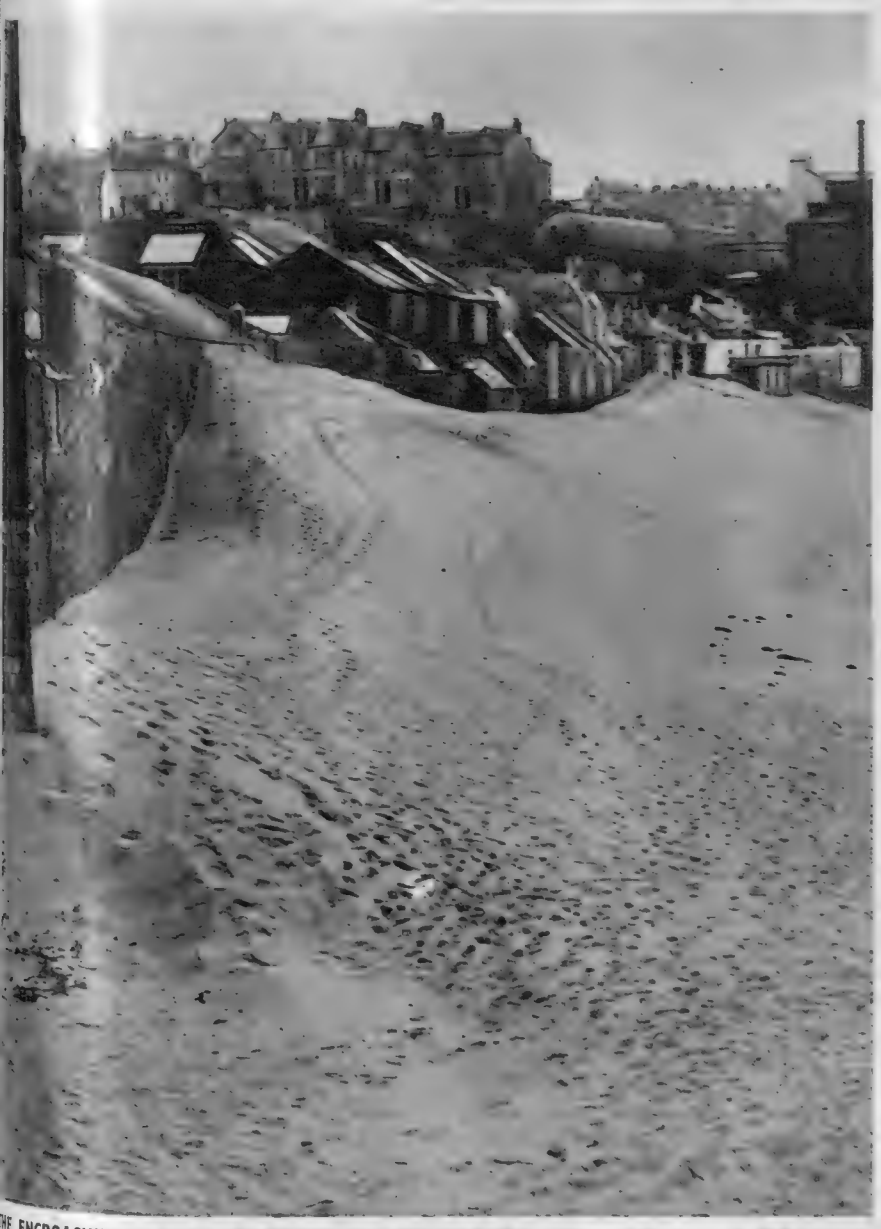
THE EGYPTIAN FOREIGN MINISTER IN ENGLAND: Salah el Din Bey seen with his wife at Southampton on arrival from New York aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. He is also his country's Finance Minister and is head of the Egyptian delegation which has been discussing with Britain the question of Egypt's blocked sterling balances. These were built up during and after the war to £400,000,000, when Britain was spending large sums for military purposes in Egypt.

TO TAKE UP A NEW APPOINTMENT IN COLOGNE: Dr. Otto John, a German lawyer, seen at his Hampstead home after hearing the news of his appointment to be Chief of the Office for the Protection of the Constitution. Dr. John has had an adventurous career. In 1944 he was implicated in the plot against Hitler. He went by plane to Spain, but after going into hiding was warned by the British Secret Service that the Gestapo were on his track. He fled to Portugal.

A CHAMPION JOCKEY IN THE MAKING: Young Lester Piggott, whose successes in the saddle this year mean that in 1951 he will no longer claim the apprentice allowance but will ride as a fully-fledged jockey, seen with his father, Keith Piggott, before setting out for morning exercise at Lambourn. With them are two stable lads, Michael Thornton and A. Heath. Lester was born at Wantage, a few miles from Lambourn, and he had his first ride at the age of three when his father put him up on a New Forest pony. He rode his first winner at the age of twelve, and now good judges are saying that Lester has the ability to top the jockeys' list in a year or two if he continues to progress at the present rate.

DRILLING FOR LEAD IN DERBYSHIRE: Cores of rock strata, taken from the drill shaft and being packed ready for despatch to the assayers. The cores come from the Matlock area, where engineers and geologists are making a geological survey of 16 sq. miles of country in the hope of finding lead deposits in payable quantities. Evidence of lead deposits has been found in the south-west, north-west and south-east sections. It is believed that there may be lead-ore in sufficient quantities to justify mining below the level of the Derwent, the point at which water halted the old miners, whose workings can be traced across the hills and who, in rather haphazard manner, mined all the worthwhile ore above water-level.

THE DRILL AT WORK IN THE DERBYSHIRE ELDORADO: After every 10 ft. the drill is withdrawn and the core of rock removed for assay. In the selected area round Matlock evidence of substantial lead deposits has so far been obtained.



THE ENCROACHING SANDS WORRY CORNISH HOUSEHOLDERS: Houses almost engulfed on the Porthmeor Beach at St. Ives, where storms have driven the sand into drifts, causing considerable inconvenience. In some instances sand has been piled up to roof-level. Exits have been blocked, and it has been necessary to keep windows tightly closed.

TO CROWN THE HIGHEST SPIRE IN ENGLAND: Employees of a London firm of steeplejacks with the new cross which has been made for the restored spire of Salisbury Cathedral. The cross, made of copper and bronze, is 9 ft. 9 ins. high and weighs almost 3 cwt. It will be exhibited in Salisbury before being hoisted to the spire, where urgent repairs have lately been carried out at a cost of £30,000. The top 25 ft. of stonework have had to be rebuilt following a report from the cathedral architect. The architect indicated that unless the condition of the spire was quickly remedied it might become very dangerous, and might lead to the destruction of the cathedral.

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

A Royal Gala Performance, and Other News of the Entertainment World

THE QUEEN AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE, IN AID OF THE THREE ARTS CLUB, OF THE MARKOVA-DOLIN FESTIVAL BALLET AT THE STOLL THEATRE: Her Majesty with Princess Marie Louise, who received her in her capacity as president of the Three Arts Club. The programme included the *Beau Danube* and *Petrouchka*. After going backstage to meet the stars, the Queen and Princess Margaret attended a small supper party given by Lady Annaly and her son. The guests included Beatrice Lillie.

RAMON NOVARRO PAYS A VISIT TO LOURDES: The celebrated film star of the silent days seen with two American priests and Miss Joan Paler, of Hollywood, when they recently paid a visit to the Roman Catholic shrine. Mr. Ramon Novarro was passing through South-Western France on his way back from Spain, where he visited his sister, who is a nun. The two had not met for twenty years. Novarro, who was born at Durango, Mexico, in 1899, his real name being Ramon Samaniegos, made his first screen appearance in 1923 in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

REHEARSING FOR THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE SPANISH BALLET: Teresa, one of the leading members of the Spanish Ballet Company, which is holding a three-weeks season at the Saville. Teresa's husband, the small and dynamic Luisillo, who gave up bullfighting at the age of seventeen in order to become a dancer, partners his wife, and there are in all eighteen other singers and dancers in what is a notably talented company of quick-fire brilliance. Teresa's daughter, now nearly two years old, has been brought to London from Mexico, where she lives with her grandmother.

CECIL BEATON TRIES HIS TALENT AS A THEATRE DESIGNER: This panel painted on glass has been chosen by Cecil Beaton for the retiring room at the redesigned Duke of York's Theatre. Mr. Beaton has designed the foyer in grey and white, and the bar is entirely in gold. The boxes, including the Royal box, are lined with red velvet. First production at the reopened theatre is Benn Levy's *Return to Tyassi*, which was presented last week, starring Constance Cummings.

A GYNÆCOLOGICAL FROLIC AT THE SAVOY: Myrtle (Yolande Donlan) attempts to stop her husband Tony (Richard Attenborough) communicating by phone with her solicitors, who have something important to tell him regarding the legality of his first marriage. These two are the bright stars in Roger MacDougall's farcical comedy *To Dorothy, a Son*, a light and frivolous piece, full of good lines and amusing situations, although at times perhaps treading close to the borderline of good taste.

ARRI[V]G FOR THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE SADDLE CLUB: Princess [E]zabeth entering the ballroom at the Phœnicia Hotel, Malta, [a]ccompanied by Sir Gerald Creasy, the Governor of the Island. [T]e Princess had joined the Duke of Edinburgh in Malta immediately [a]fter the Dutch Royal visit to London. She thus missed the [o]pportunity of spending her wedding anniversary with the Duke.

RINCESS ELIZABETH AND RINCE BERNHARD AT MALTA

THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND RECEIVES TWO ROYAL VISITORS

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL NETHERLANDS NAVY, RETURNS TO MALTA: The Prince, wearing the uniform of Vice-Admiral in the Dutch Navy, talking to Air Vice-Marshal Narbrough d'Aeth on coming ashore from the Dutch aircraft-carrier *Karel Doorman*, in which he had spent two days at sea. Standing in the background on the right is Admiral Sir John Edelsten, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. While at sea Prince Bernhard watched a series of exercises by Dutch warships. He arrived in Malta from Paris, piloting his own Dakota.

THE PRINCESS AMONG THE DANCERS: Princess Elizabeth at the Saddle Club Ball at the Phœnica Hotel, Malta. Princess Elizabeth, who stayed in Malta over Christmas last year, hopes to return this year in time to fill Prince Charles's Christmas-stocking. After a week together in Malta, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip set out on December 3 on their visit to Greece.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH PAYS A VISIT TO THE BLUE SISTERS HOSPITAL: The Princess talking to Mr. Victor Creech, the architect of the new Mary Potter Nursing School at the Blue Sisters Hospital. Also with the Princess are the Mother Superior, and Professor P. P. Debono.

Malta has learnt to know Princess Elizabeth as it has known no other members of the House of Windsor, for on frequent visits to the island, made first and foremost so that she can spend some time with Prince Philip, now in command of H.M.S. *Magpie*, she has taken every opportunity of identifying herself with Malta life. Within a few hours of her recent arrival the Princess had, in fact, agreed to a host of engagements, including a visit to the Blue Sisters Hospital, where she inspected the new school for nurses. Among her social engagements was a visit to a polo match between Rome Polo Club and a Royal naval team. Lieut.-Commander the Duke of Edinburgh played for the naval team, which was beaten 4 to 1 in what was at times a most exciting game. Another social engagement fulfilled by the Princess was a visit to the Saddle Club Annual Ball. The Princess saw something of the life of the R.A.F. when she met the wives of officers and men at an informal tea party.

Another Royal arrival in Malta was Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who only a few days previously had met Princess Elizabeth in London at the time of the State visit. Prince Bernhard flew to Malta in his capacity as Inspector-General of the Royal Netherlands Navy

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNITED SERVICES SPORTS CLUB: Princess Elizabeth is seen talking with Mrs. d'Aeth, wife of the A.O.C. Malta. The Princess visited the club in order to take tea with the wives of R.A.F. officers and other ranks.

HOW HAM HOUSE APPEARED SHORTLY AFTER ITS TRANSFORMATION BY THE DUKE OF LAUDERDALE, ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS OF CHARLES II'S CABAL MINISTRY: This picture, lately presented to the nation by Mr. Cecil Tollemache, shows the Duke, with the Duchess on his arm, walking on the lawns in the middle distance in front of Ham House, his magnificent Thamesside estate at Petersham. The picture, which might be the work of the immigrant Dutchman, Dankaerts, now hangs over the mantelpiece in the White Closet at Ham House, and it represents a really important addition to the treasures displayed within

HAM HOUSE IN ITS AGE OF SPLENDOUR

A NEWLY ACQUIRED PICTURE THROWS LIGHT on its APPEARANCE in the REIGN of CHARLES II

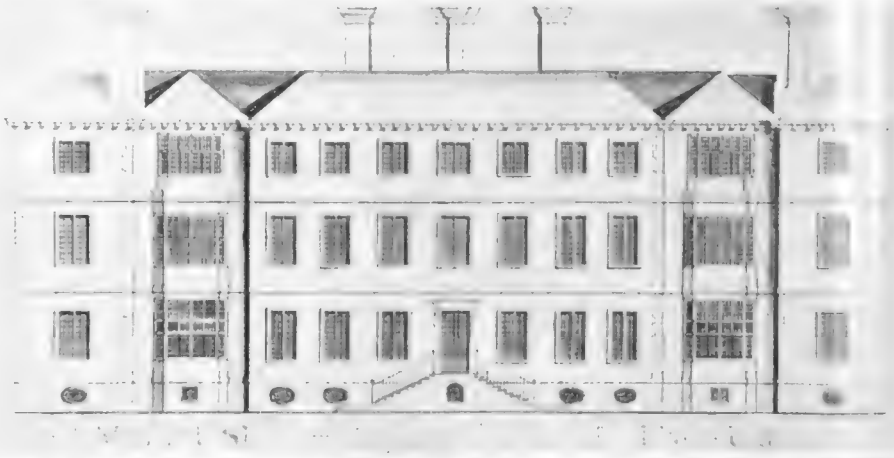
A picture lately given by Mr. Cecil Tollemache to the Victoria and Albert Museum throws a vivid light upon the appearance of Ham House very shortly after the transformation carried out by the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale. It is an oil painting on canvas, a work of a kind commonly associated with the immigrant Dutchman, Henry Dankaerts. It represents the south front of Ham, and shows how the grounds were laid out on that side. Though now in a modern frame, it may reasonably be identified with "one fixt picture of Ham House," which is entered in the inventory of 1683.

The alterations—that is the virtual rebuilding of the south front—were completed in 1675: the Duke of Lauderdale died in 1682. Here he is depicted in the centre wearing the Garter Star with the Duchess on his arm and followed by his domestic chaplain, while an obsequious attendant bows to the ground. A date for this picture in the last years of the Duke's life, i.e., about 1680, is fully supported by the costumes of the company assembled on the lawn.

The southern façade corresponds closely with a drawing to scale, also reproduced on this page, which is possibly the architect's plan for the reconstruction of the front. Like the drawing, the painting represents the Jacobean bay windows, which the Lauderdales retained from the earlier house. When we turn to a comparison with the existing building, few important changes can be observed. The most salient is the reconstruction and enlargement of the bays and the intrusion of a pair of Venetian windows—in late Georgian times—alterations which have sadly marred the façade. Victorian steps with a low balustrade have replaced the graceful curved flight that led down from the terrace.

As for the gardens, Evelyn visited Ham about this time (1678) and enumerates their attractions in a passage which rises to a crescendo of praise: "After dinner I walked to Ham," he writes in his *Diary*, "to see the House and the Garden of the Duke of Lauderdale . . . the Parterres. Flower Gardens, Orangeries, Groves, Avenues, Courts, Statues, Perspectives, Fountains, Aviaries, and all this on at the banks of the Sweetest River in the World, must needs be admired." The picture shows some of the items in this delectable catalogue before capricious fashion and "time, the devourer of all things," had taken their heavy toll. By this date the general lay-out of the Ham House gardens had assumed more or less its present aspect. Set against the yew hedges are lead statues on pedestals, copied no doubt from antique originals, and painted boxes for flowering shrubs—larger versions of the "Seavon boxes carv'd and guilt for tuby roses" now in the Long Gallery which are mentioned in the inventory of 1679. Of exceptional interest are the garden chairs with shell-shaped backs, which though summarily indicated, recall those designed for Holland House by Francis Cleyn, a German painter, who was employed at the Mortlake Manufactory and carried out some of the interior decoration at Ham. The unknown artist was no great performer: it is because his "view" is so factual that it affords an invaluable record.

RALPH EDWARDS.

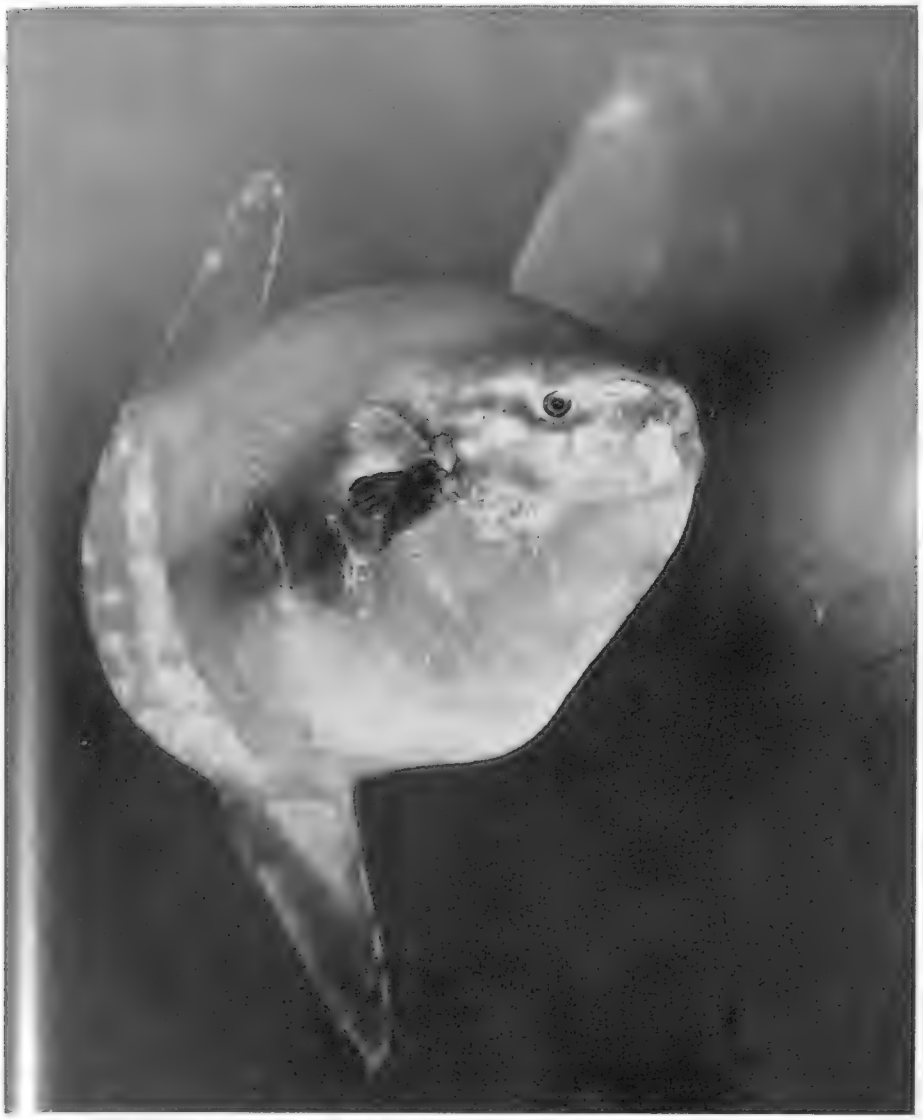


POSSIBLY THE WORK OF THE ARCHITECT WHO CARRIED OUT THE RECONSTRUCTION OF HAM HOUSE FOR THE DUKE OF LAUDERDALE: It will be seen that this elevation corresponds closely with the design in the newly-presented painting reproduced at the head of this page.

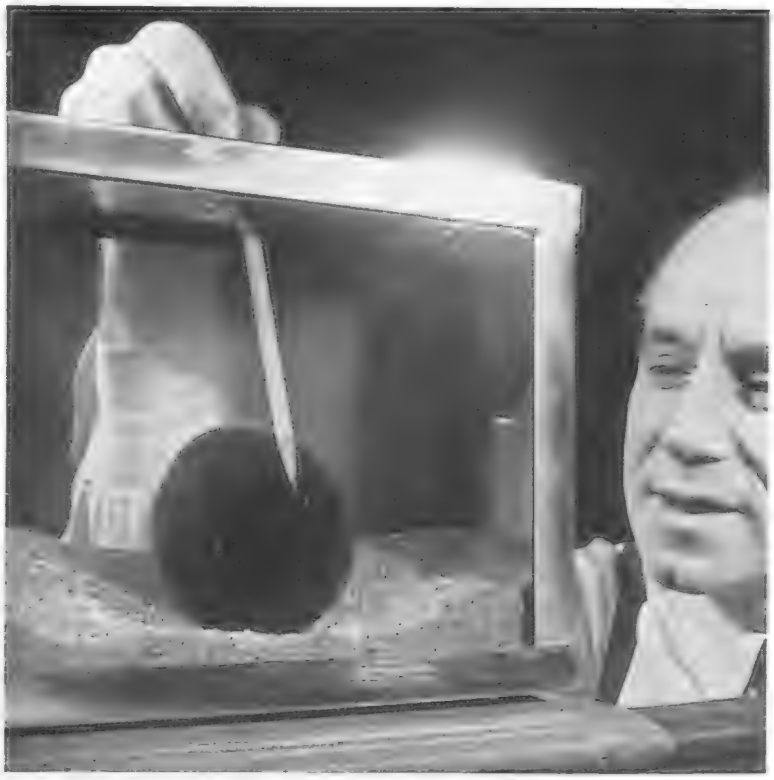
THE SOUTH FRONT OF HAM HOUSE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY: The house and grounds were presented to the National Trust in 1948, and they have now been let on a long lease to the Ministry of Works. The contents, which show the furnishing style of the reign of Charles II to such perfection, were purchased by Parliament and they are in the keeping of the Victoria and Albert Museum. On the first floor is the celebrated Cabal room.

ZOO NEWS

AND SOME RARITIES FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO AQUARIUM



H IS NOW SUPPORTED BY THE STATE: This is one of a pair of Head Fish caught recently near the Farallones Islands, west of San Francisco. Somewhat rare, these fish are said to be the only Head Fish now in captivity and are on display at the Steinhart Aquarium, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. They are about 14 ins. in diameter, but can attain the enormous size of 10 ft. They may weigh as much as 2 tons. One female will lay as many as 300,000,000 eggs in a spawning season. The Head Fish, sometimes called a mola, has two fins, the dorsal and ventral for propulsion, and a third fin, the gephyrocercal, which serves in place of a tail. This is a broadside view not fore-shortened.



SAN FRANCISCO HAS A "MARIMO": A member of the Steinhart Aquarium staff, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, studies a ball of velvety green moss called a "marimo." This ball, 3½ ins. in diameter, a species of fresh water algæ from Lake Akan, Japan, is said to be from fifty to seventy-five years old. These rare objects are found only in a few lakes of Japan and Switzerland, where they sometimes bob to the surface. So far as is known, this is the first one taken to the United States.

DOUG., THE POISONED CHIMP AT MARSALIS PARK ZOO AT DALLAS, TEXAS, IS GIVEN ORANGE-JUICE FROM A PAPER CUP AS HE REACHES THE CONVALESCENT STAGE: Doug. has been very ill with severe burns of the mouth and throat sustained when a visitor to Marsalis Park decided it might be interesting to feed him with acid. The search for the perpetrator of the crime has so far been unsuccessful, but Doug. is getting better, and will no doubt be more wary in future.

KOALA ANTICS AT THE TARONGA PARK ZOO IN SYDNEY: Snow, an albino koala bear, and as such a great rarity, clinging to the back of his mother, Tiddles. Although nearly nine months old when this picture was taken, Snow had been out of its mother's pouch only a few days and was full of trepidation of the life around him. Thousands have since flocked to Taronga to see the albino bear.

New Lamps and Old

EVIDENCE and the MURDERER

Some Thoughts on the English System of Law

By JOHN GORE

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. — A recent rather notorious murder, and succeeding efforts to discover a criminal, convince me that only a small proportion of the adult population has any clear idea of how our Criminal Law *works* or more than a faint notion of the rules of evidence which the criminal courts obey. It would certainly surprise most people to hear a great lawyer say (as he fairly might) that many a murderer has gone free *to the greater glory of the English system of law.*

It would, further, surprise and startle many to learn that the conviction of a criminal, even a murderer, on circumstantial evidence means his conviction on suspicion only, and that the jury's function at his trial is in truth but an estimate of the "odds" in favour of guilt. Yet this is rightly so. If the jury refused to convict except on *proof to demonstration,* many more murderers would go free. Murderers, as a rule, prefer to work in private, and often enough carry away no *tangible* proof connecting them with the victim, as in a case of theft.

What then is circumstantial evidence and why is it strong enough sometimes to fit a rope round a criminal's neck ?

My father, a sound lawyer, years ago explained to me the meaning and strength of such evidence in homely instances :

A householder misses three articles from his table, say, a fountain-pen, a pair of scissors, a pencil. They are of the commonest kind and not identifiable. If a fountain-pen of the same brand were next day found in the possession of a charwoman who had cleaned up the room, no reasonable man (or jury) would regard that fact as a presumption of guilt. But if articles of the three descriptions were found *all together* on her person, presumption of guilt would amount almost to certainty. And suppose a witness came forward to say that, during the week before, he had heard the charwoman say in his presence : "I 'd give a day's wages for a fountain-pen and a decent pair of scissors," what need would any jury have of "further witness" ?

Again : A husband dies of poison. His wife had access to poison. They lived in perfect harmony. No reasonable man would connect her with a crime. But suppose that evidence came out that under a false name she had procured some arsenic "to kill weeds with," and had made a date to elope with a paramour, then a jury would at the lowest be "highly suspicious of her guilt." But (mark this) in both these cases the chance that the husband poisoned himself—and his facilities for so doing—would be precisely the same ; but ordinary reason would ignore that *possibility* because of the far greater *probability* of the wife's guilt.

Multiplication of Proof.—The classic argument for the immense strength of a complete chain of circumstantial evidence was set forth as fiction by Poe, though his *Marie Roger* was based on a genuine New York murder. It was demonstrated in a case of identity of the victim over which the police and others were hesitant to pronounce. All the garments the missing girl wore when she set out on her last walk were unidentifiable, common, worn by scores of girls. But as each of those garments was one by one identified with a similar garment on the body of a dead girl found in the river, the presumption that the corpse was Marie (Poe demonstrated) *was not mere proof added to proof, but proof each time multiplied by hundreds or thousands.*

My father then continued his lesson with reference to two famous Scottish trials which both (and in his opinion wrongly) resulted in their "middle" verdict of *non-proven* ; and for the reason (as he believed) that juries, and even judges, have been sometimes inclined to disregard Poe's principle of dealing with circumstantial evidence and to treat each separate proof by itself, and not as corroboration—a strengthening of presumption—of the preceding proof.

Those two cases were (need I say ?) Madeleine Smith and Monson, the Ardlamont shooting case.

The details of both these notorious cases are too well known to criminologists to justify repetition. My father could find no possible excuse for the non-proven verdict in the first case save the "human" excuses of the girl's beauty and youth and the victim's caddishness.

The Weakest Link.—In the second he admitted two circumstances of possible doubt. On the scene at the time of the Ardlamont murder of the young victim was a shadowy third party who disappeared before the trial and was never traced. Secondly, the prosecution presented as the motive Monson's desire to cash in on a policy taken out by the victim, and assigned to Monson's wife. But the victim was a minor who could not legally assign, and Monson, a business man, would (it was reasonable to suppose) know that cardinal fact.

No (my father would argue), the weight of circumstantial evidence (link by link) of Monson's guilt should have justified a judge and jury in disregarding the possibility (in this case even probability) that Monson knew that the assignment was worthless ; they should have found that he murdered on a gamble, an outside chance of getting away with it.

Such was (in my father's view) an extreme case of the potency of link after corroborating link in a chain of circumstantial evidence. But if there be but one weak link in the middle of such a chain, the chain's strength is but the strength of the weak link, and that is why, in a score of cases, grand juries, magistrates and police have been right in refusing to send for trial suspected persons, the presumption of whose guilt might be "obvious" to the man in the street but would be an easy Aunt Sally to a sound defending counsel.

One other point on this subject my father noted from observation of trials held since the Act was passed which allowed the prisoner to testify in his own defence. He believed that it had rendered juries much more inclined to convict on purely circumstantial evidence in murder cases, as a result of the cross-examination of the prisoner showing up the improbabilities of some of the defence hypotheses.

He wondered whether the Act envisaged that result.

THE OLD LYCH-GATE AT STEYNING, SUSSEX, WHICH IS TO BE COPIED FOR AUSTRALIA : The gate, with its roof of Horsham stone, is to be reproduced at Magill, South Australia, in memory of a former Vicar of Steyning, the Rev. William Penfold, who died in 1844. The memorial is being erected by the descendants of the vicar, who established the Adelaide firm of Penfolds, the famous wine-producers. This and other photographs will be used by the Adelaide architects to help in carrying out the work. On an even grander scale is the plan to transfer one of London's City churches, St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, stone by stone and to re-erect it somewhere in the Commonwealth.

THE RESTORED PARISH PUMP AT SEDLESCOMBE IN ONE OF THE PRETTIEST VILLAGES IN SUSSEX : The pump, much defaced by vandal hands, has been restored to its original working condition through the generosity of Mr. Fred Suren, a member of Battle Rural District Council, who has an ironworks at Rye. The pump stands on what was once a village green of noble proportions. Now encroachment for road widening has reduced it to a mere strip far too small for the purposes of cricket or football.

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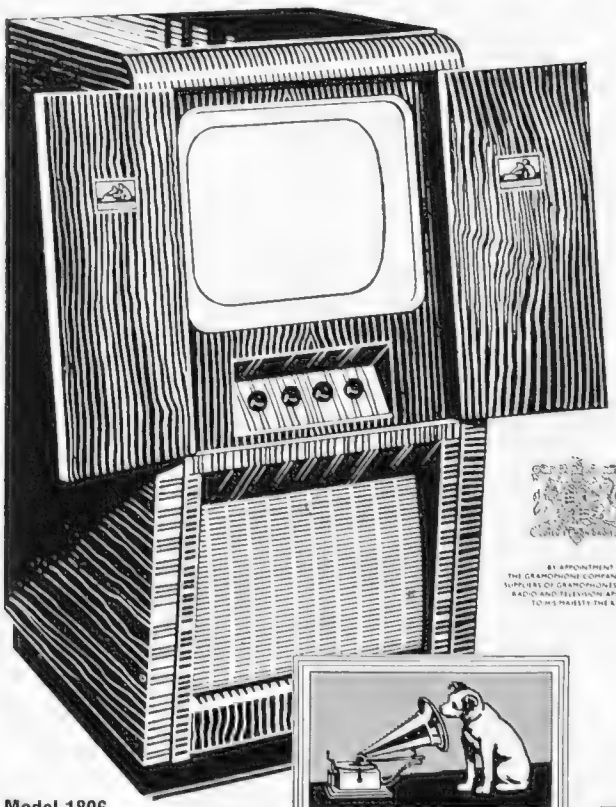

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, "FRUSTRATED LAWYER"

A Famous Reporter, With a Penchant for the Law, Writes the Life of Samuel Leibowitz

THE details and manœuvres of the United States legal system differs very greatly from ours; its aim of justice is exactly the same. The stage and screen have made much of the procedure familiar to us, though often in an over-dramatised and lurid form, and novels have helped us to learn such exotic titles as "the D.A." by heart. So that when we come to read COURT ROOM (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), the life story of a well-known American judge told through the records of his most notable cases, we do at least recognise most of the physical aspects of the scene we are asked to survey. Mr. Quentin Reynolds confesses that as a former sports reporter, foreign correspondent and fiction writer, he has always been interested in the law. "There have been many lawyers who were frustrated writers; as far as I know, I am the only writer extant who is a frustrated lawyer." As such he does an excellent job on the biography of Mr. Samuel Leibowitz, who was until the age of forty-seven the No. 1 criminal lawyer of the United States, and who is now one of its senior judges. As an advocate, Leibowitz defended over 100 men accused of murder and saved all but one of them from the death penalty. Mr. Reynolds shows you, in crisp terms that are a marvel of condensation, how it was done.

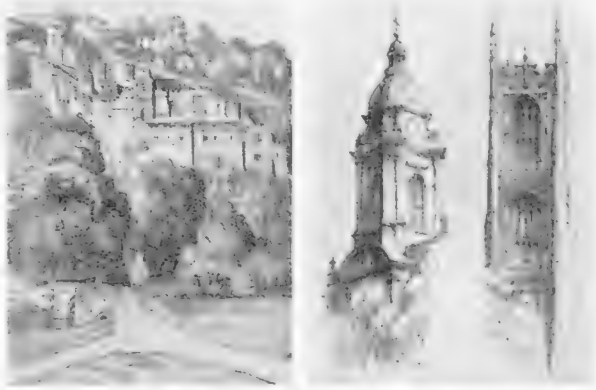
From the bench to the studio. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A. (Museum Press. 21s.), is by its very nature a far less objective piece of work, and seems to be concerned with most of the emotions, thoughts, impulses, tastes, decisions and plans of the first forty years of his life. The present fairly thick book takes the artist thus up to 1918, and we are promised a further volume dealing with the next thirty-odd years. Sir Alfred writes, as he argues and denounces, with great spirit and conviction, and although his literary style lacks the elegance of his painting, it remains fresh and idiosyncratic. The many illustrations from his paintings and sketches show the development of the artist from his childhood attempts to his present mastery, and are to me the better part of the book.

Mr. Tom Longstaff can look back on seventy-five years of a life as adventurous and as rewarding as comes to most men, for in that time he has not only followed his passion for mountain climbing through nearly all the major ranges in the world, but has taken part in expeditions from Tibet to Greenland, discovered the largest glacier in the world outside the Polar regions, and has added 500 square miles to the map. His autobiography, THIS MY VOYAGE (John Murray. 21s.), is as rich in experience of this kind as it is modest in expression. And he writes of mountains as if he loved them, almost as Sir Alfred writes of horses.

Mr. A. F. Tschiffely is known to us too, as a lover of horses, and as one of the few men, perhaps the only one, who has ridden down the length of South America. His new book of reminiscence is, however, more devoted to human characters, for BOHEMIA JUNCTION (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is a collection of biographical sketches, not of the great or famous but of those Bohemians, as differentiated from Yahoos, whom the author has met in his travels. Like Trollope's young man, Mr. Tschiffely's Bohemian life commenced in London where the lodgings to which he repaired between his terms as a schoolmaster were a rich source of this kind of life. But whether there, in Switzerland, in Buenos Aires, in Texas or in Brixton, the writer's eye was present to observe and his hand to record as fascinating a jumble of revolutionaries, gauchos and variety artists as ever were set down on paper.

The poignancy of the collected letters of Patrick Hore-Ruthven, who was killed in action at the age of thirty in the Western Desert, is apt to blur the impression they give of a high-spirited boy whose passionate interest in horses still allowed time for the writing of verses. He was, too, a born letter-writer from the day when he signed himself to his parents, "Your Monstrocity," to the last letter he wrote after the fall of Benghazi, and with Ethel Anderson's skilful editing and arrangement, JOY OF YOUTH (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) makes a book that is a memorial to the young man and to a way of life.

Mr. Herbert Agar's monumental book, THE UNITED STATES: THE PRESIDENTS, THE PARTIES AND THE CONSTITUTION (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), is an undertaking for which the author is as well qualified as any man now living, as an historian, as a man deeply versed in American politics, as an exponent of the democratic ideal and as a prose stylist of lucidity, grace and wit. In his introduction, Mr. Agar quotes Winston Churchill in a 1947 parliamentary speech: "It has been said that democracy is the worst form of government except all those other forms that have been tried from time to time," and it is the constitution as an expression of living democracy, a form of government that has weathered wars, revolutions and economic collapses for a century-and-a-half, that the writer brilliantly explains and expounds it here.



ARCHITECTURAL GLORIES OF THE MIDLANDS: *Left*—Haddon Hall, the ancestral seat of the Vernon and Manners families. *Right*—The towers of St. Philip, Birmingham, and All Saints, Derby, the latter a Perpendicular tower of surpassing beauty. These illustrations by Sydney R. Jones appear in his new book *England West* (Studio Publications. 18s.), the second volume in his English trilogy which now makes its appearance. The third volume, *England East*, will follow in due course.

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE (Collins. 15s.) is the final volume of Mr. Arthur Bryant's saga of the Napoleonic Wars and their aftermath, begun ten years ago with *The Years of Endurance*, and coming to a climax here with the Battle of Waterloo and the sequel of peace-making, and what Mr. Bryant calls with some justice the years of disillusion. The book falls naturally into two parts as dictated by the events, and while the former deals with the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington, the latter and more striking gives not only, in the author's words, a portrait of the victors, but a panorama of the whole of England, social and political, in the first decades of the nineteenth century.

Dedicated to Colonel Blimp and to the irony of his proposition that "reforms are all right as long as they don't change anything," is Mr. E. S. Turner's ROADS TO RUIN (Michael Joseph. 21s.). This examination of some social reforms is as lively a piece of writing as one could wish to meet. Mr. Turner has selected twelve reforms with which we are all now familiar, but which are not on the scale of wider franchise or the abolition of slavery, and has examined the opposition which the reformers had in each case to face. This was sometimes dishonest, usually bitter and often bizarre, but often honest and mistaken, too. The author tells the story, among others, of the long fight to persuade Englishmen that chimneys could be swept both more humanely and more efficiently by pushing up a broom and not a boy; that the nation would not become a moral cesspool by allowing men to marry their deceased wives' sisters, and that a Saturday half-holiday would not hopelessly corrupt the working classes. Mr. Turner must be congratulated on his scrupulous research, but equally on the spirited manner in which he propounds his excellent and eye-opening themes.

JOURNEY TO YESTERDAY (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) may not be impeccable in style or encyclopædic in its information, but it is one of the most delightful, if disjointed books of travel notes that I have read for months. Silvia Baker is an artist and an instinctive rather than a formal writer, and her account of her travels through Tahiti, Barbados, Cyprus and Spain, painting, drawing and simply observing, has both charm and humour.

Professor Richard Pares, in A WEST-INDIA FORTUNE (Longmans. 21s.), has succeeded in writing not only the history of a family, but the history of a phase of the sugar trade between the island of Nevis and Bristol, and a first-rate story he has made of it. In a conference of British and American historians some time ago, Professor Pares maintained that we could not talk about economic history until we could quote from a wide variety of the histories of individual businesses, and in this book he is indeed practising what he has preached. The picture of the West Indian island is perhaps a little stiffly drawn, but the characters of the Pinney family are etched in with more sympathy, and the removal of their interest from the island to the sugar factor's business in the English port is shown effectively.

Tibet is at this moment so prominently in the news that M. Amaury de Riencourt's book LOST WORLD: TIBET, KEY TO ASIA (Gollancz. 18s.), will attract both those with a serious desire for knowledge and those who wish to be topically well-informed. M. de Riencourt describes Tibet as the last independent civilisation left in this shrinking world. His words may already have a bitter flavour.

Mr. Kenneth Hopkins has made a wide and perceptive selection from the poetry and prose of EDMUND BLUNDEN (Hart-Davis. 15s.), which deserves wide circulation, for this is one of our most distinguished living poets, and as English as the game of cricket he eulogises, or the County of Sussex of which he writes that it has, like the Duke of Wellington, "been much exposed to authors." This is an admirable book, with its essays, poems, brief biographies (the one on John Clare is inimitable) and extracts from his longer works.

WILDE, FIFTY YEARS AFTER

Lord Alfred Douglas's "Summing Up"

Almost exactly fifty years ago Oscar Wilde, leader of the cult of æstheticism, most lionised and most ridiculed man of his day, a character of extreme flamboyance and a writer of genius, died an exile in Paris in the little Hotel d'Alsace, in the Rue des Beaux Arts. French writers and scholars, and admirers of Wilde, dined in the hotel on the anniversary, and on the following Sunday there were speeches at Wilde's grave out at Pere Lachaise Cemetery. With this anniversary most of the copyrights expire, save those relating to *De Profundis* and the fairy stories. At the same time there is a spate of new books about Wilde, and no doubt many more can be expected. Lord Alfred Douglas's OSCAR WILDE: A SUMMING UP (Richards Press. 12s. 6d.) is not a new book, but it is now reprinted, and at this juncture it is of special importance, as it represents the testimony of a principal actor in the drama, a testimony which must now in the fullness of time be weighed against that of others, notably of Wilde himself in the tragic pages of *De Profundis*, some of which represents a bitter tirade against Douglas. Lord Alfred's book is not a violent book, but, needless to say, the summing-up is very far from doing what it claims to do, and could best be described as a corrective to Wilde's *Epistola: in Carcere et Vinculis* (the full and accurate text of *De Profundis*), which has just been published by Wilde's son, Mr. Vivyan Holland. As Derek Hudson says in his Introduction, however, *Oscar Wilde: A Summing Up* has a certain philosophical detachment, and despite its controversial and debatable assertions, including a claim for a very large share in inspiring *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, it is sensible and generous. As the last word of Lord Alfred Douglas, that master of the sonnet, it does him credit; but to understand the real Oscar Wilde we must needs range far more widely.

In 1947 the late Frank Smythe, one of the most distinguished mountaineers of modern times, and Dr. Odell, a fellow-Himalayan adventurer, made the first ascents of peaks in the Lloyd George Range in the almost unknown country in North-East British Columbia. In 1948 a camera record of those epic climbs was published in THE SPHERE, and now, posthumously, Smythe's illustrated account of his last adventure appears in book form under the title of CLIMBS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.). It is an enthralling volume, and the author's incomparable photographs are not the least of its virtues. Here, 150 miles to the west of the Alaskan Highway, snow and ice, rock and cloud blend in heroic fashion

No fewer than five volumes all dealing with aspects of London life command attention this week. They are probably the forerunners of many more, for books about the Metropolis will surely be in demand when London is host to the world in Festival of Britain Year. Paul Cohen-Portheim's THE SPIRIT OF LONDON (Batsford. 12s. 6d.), which now appears in a third edition, has been revised by Raymond Mortimer, a friend of the late author. It is a charming book, with something of the quality of E. V. Lucas's *A Wanderer in Paris*, which so exactly caught the spirit of the French capital. Another admirable survey, and hardly less wide in its appeal, is Douglas Newton's CATHOLIC LONDON (Robert Hale. 21s.). It is published at a particularly opportune moment, for 1950 marks the centenary of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. This is at once an informal history and a guide, tracing London's Catholic life in its manifold aspects from traditional beginnings in St. Peter's, Cornhill, through the coming of St. Mellitus, and the growth of the parish churches. The book contains many references to the great St. Thomas More, but, strangely enough, it does not dwell to any extent on More's link with Chelsea, where he had his home and welcomed his friends when away from the cares of the Court. Chelsea to-day, as in More's day, plays a very full part in the Roman Catholic life of London, and it was there, indeed, that the recent centenary exhibition, in relation to the restoration of the hierarchy, was staged with marked success. By contrast, Godfrey James's LONDON THE WESTERN REACHES (Robert Hale. 15s.), a new addition to the County books, deals most fully with St. Thomas and his riverside home, where he lived in patriarchal fashion with his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law, his grandchildren, and dependents. Mr. James's volume, which deals with the Boroughs of Chelsea, Fulham, Hammersmith and Chiswick, is admirably arranged and fills an undoubted gap, for these "western reaches" have long awaited a popular historian. Another volume dealing with a specialised area is BOOK OF BLOOMSBURY (Edward Gordon (Arts) Ltd. 12s. 6d.), by Edward Gordon and A. F. L. Deeson. The authors have plenty of good material upon which to work, historical and contemporary. To-day Bloomsbury, with the British Museum and the University of London as its focal points, is a centre of learning and culture In marked contrast the authors re-create for us the clamour of seventeenth-century Holborn, and the squalor of "the Rookery," that paradise for the coiner. London's squalor and grandeur find a place also in Hugh and Pauline Massingham's THE LONDON ANTHOLOGY (Phœnix House. 21s.) in which they have collected nearly 700 extracts, which together provide a running commentary on London life through the ages. The material has been arranged under a series of brief but suitable headings, such as sport, society streets, traffic, eccentrics, etc. It is for the most part vastly entertaining, making a well-varied bedside book.

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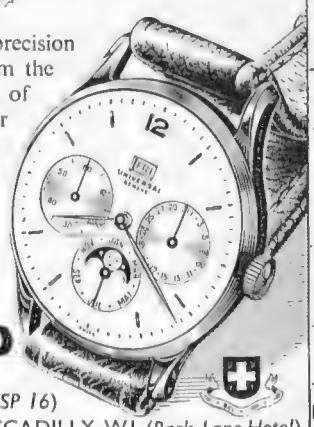

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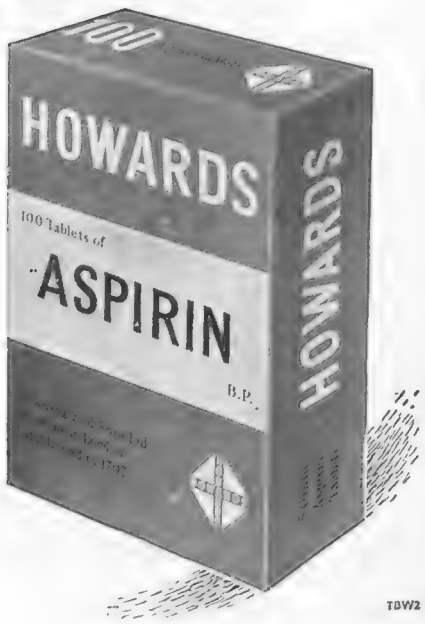

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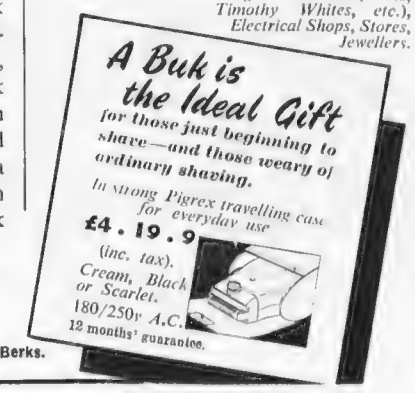

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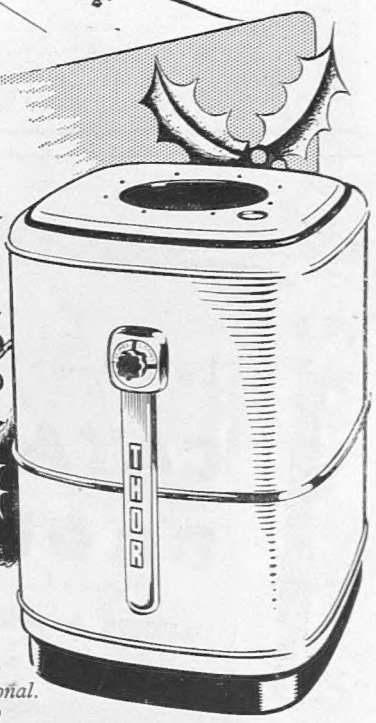

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

CHRISTMAS is the time of year when no one wants, or ought, to be alone. Apart from its religious significance, it has always been a time of reunion of families and friends, and of recent years hotels, both large and small, have done much to aid and abet this season of getting-together.

Some hotels will only take reservations for a minimum of a week or five days, and this is perfectly understandable. No hotel can hope to make a profit out of such an expensive period, involving luxury foods, crackers, decorations, entertainments (quite apart from staff having to be paid heavy overtime rates as laid down by the Catering Wages Act), unless bookings are continuous.

Though I cannot guarantee that the hotels I shall mention still have any accommodation available, I have catalogued them according to their festive appeal, and hope this may be of assistance to readers in their quest.

In London a number of hotels advertise an organised Christmas programme, but for anyone seeking a smallish hotel, partly residential, *Queensberry Court*, in Queensberry Place, S.W.7, is worth knowing about, and their plans include an outing on Boxing Day to a pantomime, a fancy-dress party, games, television, and all the fun associated with Christmas. Further afield, there is that well-appointed hotel, *Thirlestaine Hall*, at Cheltenham; the quickest way to book accommodation and avoid disappointment is to telephone Cheltenham 5821. For those who would like a breath of sea air, why not enjoy a Cornish Christmas (with even a possibility of sunshine) at the *Carlyon Bay Hotel*, St. Austell? Here they are planning golf and putting competitions, tennis tournaments, a children's tea-party, a beetle drive, a treasure hunt, fancy-dress and carnival balls, and concert, to mention but a few of the "highlights." Others who may not want to go as far as Cornwall should certainly try the *Grand Hotel*, Torquay, where they may still have limited accommodation available; whilst for those living in the Home Counties, I would suggest *The Hotel Imperial* at Hythe, where there is the additional lure of a nine-hole golf course adjoining the hotel.

For readers on the north-east coast, I have news of Christmas festivities in the shape of gala dinners, treasure hunts and dances at the *Alexandra Hotel*, Saltburn, the *Seaburn Hotel*, Sunderland, and that old coaching inn, *The George*, at Piercebridge.

But perhaps you will be content with a country-house atmosphere at Christmas, where the celebrations take the form of a house party; no organised amusements, but all the country associations of Yuletide in evidence—carol-singers, bell-ringers, the Boxing Day meet of the local hunt, log fires, a Christmas-tree, and, of course, plenty to eat. Here are the names of some hotels which fit in with this picture, and I have again added the telephone numbers for your convenience: *Efford Down Hotel*, Bude, Cornwall (Bude 223); *Shurton Court Hotel*, near Bridgwater, Somerset (Nether Stowey 275); *The Lugger*, Portloe, Cornwall (Veryan 322); *Garrack Hotel*, St. Ives, Cornwall (St. Ives 199); *Beacon Hill Hotel*, Newton Ferrers, Devon (Newton Ferrers 278); *Monkton Court Hotel*, near Honiton, Devon (Honiton 309); *Glendorgal Hotel*, St. Columb Minor, near Newquay, Cornwall (Newquay 2949); *Burningfold Hall Hotel*, Dunsfold, Surrey (Dunsfold 266).

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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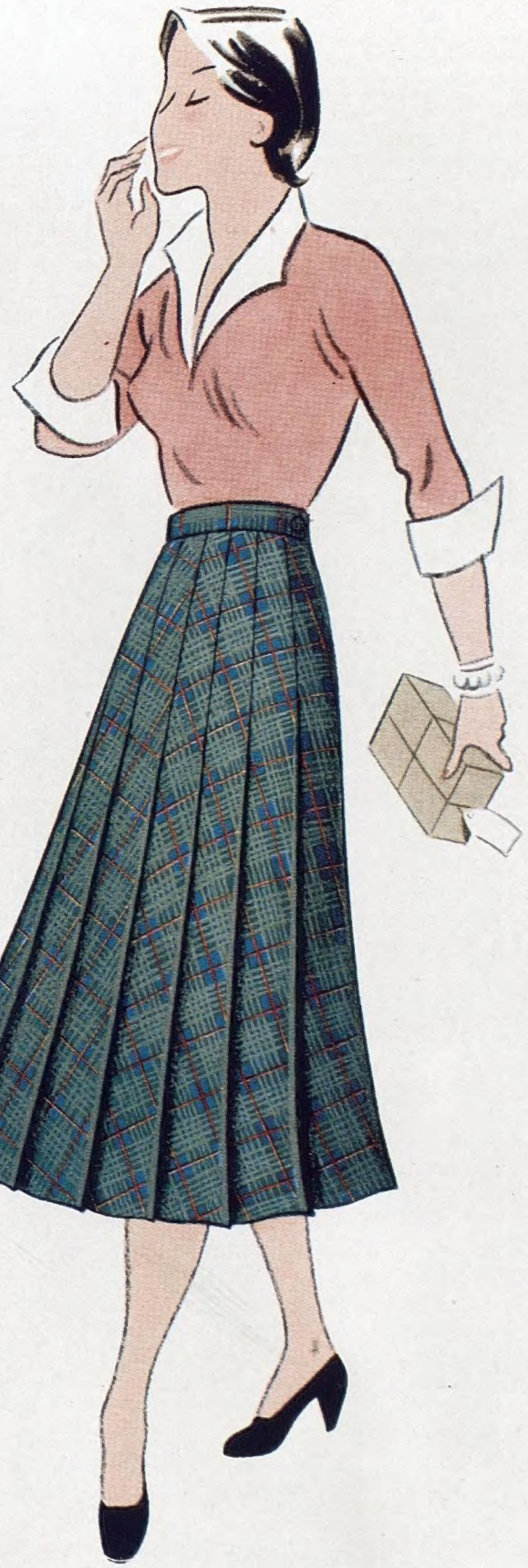

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